NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1929

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The Buddha's Teaching of the Logos

FOR millenniums the Brahman community has dominated the religious and intellectual life of India. It may be added that, to-day, the Brahmans are working to preserve that domination by means of political agitation against the suzerainty of England; for while popular agitators speak eloquently of liberty for the people of India, the astute Brahmans who really direct the agitation have as their true goal the confirmation of the Brahman caste in its ancient despotism, with all the advantages, social and financial, which for many centuries have rewarded Brahman political skill. Opposing this Brahmanical plan are various forces. First, there is a nucleus of Englishmen, of whom Sir Walter Lawrence may stand as the type, who clearly recognize the reality of Brahmanical tyranny over the humbler classes and the less endowed races, and who as clearly see that impartial British justice has given these lowlier classes a genuine protection against Brahman Zemindars, or landlords, who are swollen with the sense of their privileges, but have little feeling of their obligations. In the *Letters* to Mr. Sinnett, the way in which the Zemindars gained their power over the cultivators is thus explicitly stated:

"Recall the past and this will help you to see more clearly into our intentions. When you took over Bengal from the native Rulers, there were a number of men who exercised the calling of Tax Collectors under their Government. These men received, as you are aware, a percentage for collecting the rents. The spirit of the letter of the tithe and tribute under the Mussulman Rulers was never understood by the East India Company; least of all the rights of the ryots (village cultivators) to oppose an arbitrary interchange of the Law of *Wuzeefa* and *Mookassimah*. Well, when the Zemindars found that the British did not exactly understand their position, they took advantage of it as the English had taken advantage of their force: they claimed to

be Landlords. Weakly enough, you consented to recognize the claim, and admitting it notwithstanding the warning of the Mussulmans who understood the real situation and were not bribed as most of the (East India) Company were—you played into the hands of the few against the many, the result being the 'perpetual settlement' documents. It is this that led to every subsequent evil in Bengal" (page 389).

The character of these evils, in Bengal, and, to a degree, throughout India, is depicted in a slightly earlier letter: "The 'Cradle Land of Arts and Creeds' swarms with unhappy beings, precariously provided for, and vexed by demagogues who have everything to gain by chicane and impudence." The attitude of the Landlords, many of them Brahmans, into whose hands the village cultivators were stupidly delivered by the "perpetual settlement" of Lord Cornwallis in 1793, is sufficiently characterized by the same observer in a single word: "The resistance to, and the intrigue set on foot by the Zemindars against the Bill *are infamous* . . . ." It may be added in parenthesis that the Bill alluded to was duly passed, as the Bengal Tenancy Act of 1885, and that it did in fact give to the hapless village cultivators of Bengal a certain measure of protection against their rapacious Landlords, many of whom were Brahmans.

If we go from Bengal to the other side of India, to Kashmir, we shall find Sir Walter Lawrence describing an almost identical situation in *The India We Served* (page 133):

"My object was to encourage the peasants to cultivate their fine land, and to restore the land revenues of Kashmir. The object of the [Brahman] pandits was simply to take the best of the land and to force the Moslem cultivators to work for nothing. The wicked system of forced labour had ruined the country, and as I settled in each division of the valley the revenue that the villagers were to pay, in cash, and not as heretofore in kind, not to middlemen [Brahman] pandits, but to the State, I set free the villagers from the crushing exactions which were enforced by the privileged classes under the tyrannous system known as *Begar*. No wonder that the city disapproved of me, and that the *fermier* [Brahman] pandits, who lost their power and perquisites, disliked me." Sir Walter Lawrence adds, a little later: "Nowhere in the East have I met any body of men so clever and so courteous as the Kashmiri [Brahman] pandits."

The tragedy is that these gifted men, with their high spiritual heritage, misuse their brilliant gifts to the ends of extortion and tyranny.

It will be noted that both Mr. Sinnett's correspondent and Sir Walter Lawrence speak of the Mussulmans, the Moslems, as opposing Brahman tyranny. One may surmise that to this end the Karma of India brought across the North-West frontier successive hordes of Moslem invaders, often cruel and rapacious, but nevertheless to some degree breaking the power of the Brahman priestcraft both by armed force and by their militant monotheism. The Moslems of India, therefore, are the second of the three forces alluded to at the outset, as making headway against the despotism of Brahman

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priestcraft. A third power, well worthy of consideration, is rising in the India of to-day, namely the great organization, already reckoned at more than twenty-five million souls, explicitly opposed to the Brahmans, in Southern India, and especially in the Presidency of Madras. This anti-Brahmanical community, largely recruited from the "depressed" classes, who had been deprived of almost every privilege of manhood by the Brahmans, has been strongly fostered by Christian missions, as though the great Western Master had reached out to India, with the definite purpose of co-operating in this way in the effort which the Eastern Lodge is making, to break the grip of Brahman tyranny over India. We shall presently see how this special and profoundly interesting effort is related to the work which the Buddha inaugurated, along almost identical lines, twenty-five centuries ago.

For what has been written above is an introduction to the study which we have been making, of the attitude of the Buddha toward the Brahmans of his day, and his strong and long-continued efforts to redeem the Brahmans, who are and were among the most gifted races of mankind, from the dangerous degradation into which they had fallen through the abuse of their high spiritual heredity. One line of this effort is set forth in the *Tevijja Sutta*, a dialogue between the Buddha and two young Brahmans, Vasishtha and Bharadvaja, a part of which has already been translated. The Buddha was at that time dwelling with his disciples in a mango grove on the bank of the river Achiravati, to the north of the Brahman settlement of Manasâkata.

In this dialogue, which is sterner in tone than some of the other discourses on the same theme, the Buddha shows that he is familiar with the whole Brahmanical tradition and system, the Three Vedas (from which the Sutta takes its name), and the names of the great Rishis of old, to whom the composition of the hymns of the Rig Veda was attributed. He has asked Vasishtha whether the Brahmans and their disciples, or even the ancient Rishis themselves, had ever seen the Divinity, Brahma, the way to whom they claimed to know, and Vasishtha has replied that neither the Rishis nor the Brahmans had ever seen Brahma, though they professed to know and to teach the way to Brahma, the path leading to entry into the being of that Divinity.

The Buddha then makes his criticism more personal and pointed:

"Once more, Vasishtha, if this river Achiravati were so full of water that a crow, standing on the bank, could drink, and a man with business on the other side should come up, desiring to cross to the other bank; and he, standing on the brink of the river, were to call to the farther bank, 'Come hither, farther bank! Come hither, farther bank!' What thinkest thou, Vasishtha, would the farther bank of the river come over, by reason of that man's invocations and prayers?"

"No, indeed, Sir Gotama!"

"In exactly the same way, Vasishtha, the Brahmans who know the Three Vedas, neglecting the conduct which makes men truly Brahmans, knowers of Brahma, and pursuing conduct which makes men cease to be Brahmans, make such invocation as: 'We invoke Indra, we invoke Soma, we invoke

Varuna!' and so with the other Divinities; and they think that, because of these invocations, they will, departing from the body after death, enter into companionship with Brahma—but such a condition of things has no existence.

"Once more, Vasishtha, if this river Achiravati were so full of water that a crow, standing on the bank, could drink, and a man with business on the other side should come up, desiring to cross to the other bank; and if on this bank he were bound with a strong chain, his arms chained behind his back, —what thinkest thou, Vasishtha, would that man be able to cross over from this bank of the river Achiravati to the farther bank?"

"No, indeed, Sir Gotama!"

The Buddha proceeds to apply his parable. The Brahmans who put their trust in the Three Vedas are bound and tied by bonds, such as the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, like the traveller bound with chains on the hither bank of the river Achiravati. It is impossible for them, when they depart from the body after death, to cross over into companionship with Brahma, just as it is impossible for the traveller, while chained on the hither bank of the river Achiravati, to cross over to the farther bank and proceed to his desired destination. But there may be other hindrances besides bondage:

"Once more, Vasishtha, if this river Achiravati were so full of water that a crow, standing on the bank, could drink, and a man with business on the other side should come up, desiring to cross over to the other bank; and if he were to lie down, and, wrapping his head in his mantle, were to go to sleep,—what thinkest thou, Vasishtha, would that man cross over from this bank of the river Achiravati to the farther bank?"

"No, indeed, Sir Gotama!"

But the Brahmans who put their trust in the Three Vedas are in like manner swathed about and covered up with veils of illusion and delusion. Therefore, it is impossible for them, when they depart from the body after death, to cross over into companionship with Brahma. Then the Buddha becomes still more definite and concrete:

"Then what thinkest thou, Vasishtha? Whether hast thou heard from Brahmans who are old and full of years, when teachers and pupils are talking together,—is Brahma possessed of wife and family, or no?"

"He is without wife and family, Sir Gotama!"

"Is Brahma of angry heart, or not of angry heart?"

"Not of angry heart, Sir Gotama!"

"Is Brahma of malevolent heart, or not of malevolent heart?"

"Not of malevolent heart, Sir Gotama!"

"Is Brahma prone to mental sloth and perturbation, or no?"

"He is not thus prone, Sir Gotama!"

"Is Brahma lord of himself, or not lord of himself?"

"He is lord of himself, Sir Gotama!"

"Then what thinkest thou, Vasishtha? Are the Brahmans of the Three Vedas possessed of wives and families, or no?"

"Possessed of wives and families, Sir Gotama!"

"Are they of angry heart, or not of angry heart?"

"Of angry heart, Sir Gotama!"

"Are they of malevolent heart, or not of malevolent heart?"

"Of malevolent heart, Sir Gotama!"

"Are they prone to mental sloth and perturbation, or no?"

"Prone to mental sloth and perturbation, Sir Gotama!"

"Are they lords of themselves, or not lords of themselves?"

"Not lords of themselves, Sir Gotama!"

"So then, Vasishtha, Brahma is without wife and family, not of angry heart, not of malevolent heart, not prone to sloth and perturbation, lord of himself; while the Brahmans who trust in the Three Vedas are possessed of wives and families, of angry heart, of malevolent heart, prone to sloth and perturbation, not lords of themselves. Therefore, it is impossible for them, when they depart from the body after death, to cross over to union with Brahma. Therefore, Vasishtha, these Brahmans who put their trust in the Three Vedas, who sit in fancied security, are in reality sinking in a quagmire; while they think that they are crossing to a happier world, are in reality falling into misery. Therefore, the Vedic knowledge of these Brahmans who trust in the Three Vedas should be called a Vedic desert, a Vedic jungle, a Vedic destruction!"

It is, therefore, clear that the Brahmans of the settlement of Manasâkata, by the river Achiravati, in the land of the Koshalas, instead of being true knowers of Brahma, knowers of the Eternal, were already in the Buddha's day, twenty-five centuries ago, exactly like the Brahman landholders, as described by the writer of the *Letters*, exactly like the Brahman pandits of Kashmir, as described by Sir Walter Lawrence: greedy, worldly, ambitious, a tyrannous and despotic priesthood, using their great gifts for selfish and evil ends. It must be added that the Buddha's efforts to save them, though successful in the case of some individuals, completely failed to alter for the better the communities of the Brahmans as a whole. They still rule despotically over the temporal fortunes of the lowlier Hindus; they still exercise a mental and psychical despotism over a great part of India. And, precisely because the rule of just Englishmen is a check on that despotic sway, these Brahmans are seeking to drive the English out of India, craftily alleging that "liberty" is their goal, while their true goal is an increase of their own despotic power.

But to return to the Buddha and his youthful interlocutor, the Brahman Vasishtha. The dialogue at the point which we have reached takes a new turn, which brings us to matters of immense interest and importance.

Thus addressed, we are told, the young man Vasishtha spoke as follows to the Master:

"It has been heard by me, Sir Gotama, that the ascetic Gotama knows the way to union with Brahma!"

"What thinkest thou, Vasishtha? Manasâkata is near by, Manasâkata is not far from here?"

"Even so, Sir Gotama! Manasâkata is near by, Manasâkata is not far from here!"

"Then what thinkest thou, Vasishtha? A man was born in Manasâkata and grew up there. Suppose that they should ask this dweller in Manasâkata the way thither. Would there be any doubt or hesitation in the mind of this man, born and brought up in Manasâkata, concerning the way to Manasâkata?"

"No, indeed, Sir Gotama! And for what cause? Because, Sir Gotama, since the man was born and brought up in Manasâkata, all the ways to Manasâkata would be well known to him!"

"Yet even though the man born and brought up in Manasâkata might fall into doubt and hesitation concerning the way to Manasâkata, the Tathâgata could not fall into doubt or hesitation concerning the world of Brahma or concerning the path which leads to the world of Brahma. For Brahma I know, Vasishtha, and the world of Brahma, and the path which leads to the world of Brahma. As one who has attained to the world of Brahma, as one who has entered the world of Brahma, that world I know!"

The young man Vasishtha logically pursues his enquiry, and asks the Buddha to reveal to him the path. The Buddha answers by setting forth in order the rules of discipleship, and the following of the path under the guidance of a Master: rules which have already been considered at length. We may for the present leave this part of the subject, in order to consider what the Buddha has already said to Vasishtha.

It will be remembered that, in the Buddha's discourses, the Divinity, Brahma, has more than one meaning. There is, first, the gently ironical treatment of Great Brahma, to correct the too literal view of those who persist in representing Divinity as "a magnified and non-natural man." This is finely exemplified in the *Kevaddha Sutta*, when the Buddha narrates to Kevaddha the story of an enquiring disciple who, inspired by a boundless desire for knowledge, made his way, by force of supreme asceticism, to the world of Brahma, and, when Great Brahma appeared, heralded by a radiance and a shining, put to the Great Lord a very difficult question concerning the constitution of the elements during the period of the dissolution of the universe. The Great Lord made answer:

"I am Brahma, mighty Brahma, Maker of all, Father of all . . . ."

But the ascetic, naïvely relentless, replied:

"I did not ask whether you were Brahma, mighty Brahma, Maker of all, Father of all! I asked concerning the constitution of the elements during the dissolution of the universe!"

This was twice repeated. The Buddha thus continues his narrative:

"Then great Brahma, taking that ascetic by the arm, and leading him away to one side, said this: 'Of a truth, ascetic, these Bright Ones here, attendants of Brahma, think that there is nothing whatever that Brahma does not know, nothing whatever that Brahma does not perceive. Therefore in their presence I did not answer. But the truth is, ascetic, that I do not

know what the constitution of the elements is, during the period of the dissolution of the universe! . . . ."

We shall see presently that, in addition to the gently ironical correction of the belief in a "magnified and non-natural man," there is, in this answer a profound philosophical truth.

What is at first sight a different view of Brahma is given in a magnificent discourse, in which the Buddha describes, under the guise of a fairy tale, a Convention of the Immortals, ranged in order under the Four Maharajas, in the Realm of the Thirty-Three Divinities. To the Immortals, thus assembled in Convention, comes the manifestation of Great Brahma, again heralded by a radiance and a shining. And to each of the Immortals it appears that Great Brahma draws near directly to him, speaks directly to him.

Finally, we have the very remarkable declaration of the Buddha, in the discourse just translated:

"Brahma I know, and the world of Brahma, and the path which leads to the world of Brahma. As one who has attained to the world of Brahma, as one who has entered the world of Brahma, that world I know!"

There is, in the *Secret Doctrine*, a conception which at once illuminates and harmonizes these three apparently different expressions: namely, the conception of the Logos, the Divine Mind, as made up of the sum total of the spiritual consciousness of the cosmos; or, to use an alternative expression, as the collective Life of the Divine Host, the Host of the Dhyan Chohans, a collective spiritual consciousness which, so far as our cosmos is concerned, is omniscient and omnipotent. It is further taught in the *Secret Doctrine* that this Divine Consciousness of the Heavenly Host overshadows and inspires the Lodge of Masters; and we may suppose that this overshadowing is especially potent at certain times, on certain occasions, perhaps such an occasion as would correspond to the Convention of the Immortals, in the fairy-tale which the Buddha told.

If we take Great Brahma thus to mean the Logos conceived as active, then there would be the completest justification in the declaration of the Buddha: "Brahma I know, and the world of Brahma, as one who has entered the world of Brahma, that world I know!" For the attainment of Buddhahood is precisely such entry into the Life of the Logos, with a resulting knowledge of the Life of the Logos, as it were, from within. Further, this clear declaration, so unaccountably ignored by certain Western Orientalists, bent on seeing in the Buddha an agnostic, and sometimes even a philosophical Nihilist, once more demonstrates that his teaching is in all ways identical with that of the Great Upanishads, which hold as the ideal the completeness of identification of the individual consciousness with the Eternal, of Atma with Brahma; and, in those older Upanishads, the word Brahman means "one who knows Brahma, one who knows the Eternal," the sublime significance which the Buddha constantly seeks to restore to a name which in his day had come to mean little more than a member of an hereditary priestly caste.

To come back to the gentle irony of the *Kevaddha Sutta;* we have found

good reason for holding that by Brahma the Buddha means the Logos of our cosmos, the sum of the spiritual consciousness of our system of worlds. It is evident, however, that in this definition there is already a suggestion of something which falls short of absolute Omniscience, the Omniscience of the Absolute, if such an expression may be permitted. For our cosmos is one of many within the inconceivable immensity of the Universal Kosmos; and, if one may speak without presumption concerning matters which are wholly beyond any form of perception which we can conceive, it would seem logical to hold that there are certain things which of necessity remain unknown even to the supreme spiritual consciousness of the Logos of our cosmos. There is, to begin with, the eternally unanswerable question: Why is there a Kosmos? So it would seem that, under the guise of gentle irony, the Buddha was in reality conveying a profound philosophical truth, a fundamental truth of the *Secret Doctrine*.

It has been shown previously that, in several remarkable instances, the Buddha quotes the identical words of certain of the Great Upanishads. It would appear that he is thus quoting, in the vitally important declaration which has been translated: "Brahma I know, and the world of Brahma; as one who has entered the world of Brahma, that world I know!" For this phrase, *Brahma-loka*, has, in the Great Upanishads, a quite definite meaning. It is found, as indicating the supreme spiritual attainment, in the story of the King-Initiate Pravâhana, son of Jivala, which occurs with deeply interesting variants in the two greatest Upanishads.

In the version of the story which is given in the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad*, the King-Initiate, instructing his Brahman disciple concerning the consummation of the way of Liberation, the path of Divinity, says that, to those who go forward along this path, there appears "a Spirit, of the nature of Mind (*mânasa*), who leads them to the Brahma-worlds. . . . For them, there is no return."

The parallel version in the *Chhandogya Upanishad* reads: "A Spirit not of the sons of Manu (*a-mânava*) leads them to Brahma. This is the path of Divinity."

It would seem, then, first, that the Buddha is affirming of himself exactly that Liberation which the King-Initiate taught, in these two greatest of the Upanishads; and, second, that the Spirit, which is at once "of the nature of Mind" and "not of the sons of Manu," is the Divine Host already considered.

In that treasure-house of knowledge, *Isis Unveiled*, there are certain passages which confirm this view of the Buddha's teaching, as identical with that of the Great Upanishads. Speaking of "pre-Vedic Buddhists," *Isis* goes on to say: "When we use the term *Buddhists*, we do not mean to imply by it either the exoteric Buddhism instituted by the followers of Gautama Buddha, nor the modern Buddhistic religion, but the secret philosophy of Sakyamuni, which in its essence is certainly identical with the ancient wisdom-religion of the sanctuary, the pre-Vedic Brahmanism" (ii, 142). It should be added that "Brahmanism" here means, not the priestly system of the Brahman

caste, but the ancient teaching of the knowledge of Brahma,—precisely the teaching revealed to the Brahman disciple by the King-Initiate Pravâhana, who, in revealing it, added the significant declaration: "This Wisdom has never dwelt in any Brahman before thee, but has been handed down among the Kshatriyas alone!" It will be remembered that, like King Pravâhana, the Buddha was also a Kshatriya. It would seem clear, then, that by "pre-Vedic Buddhism" or "pre-Vedic Brahmanism," *Isis* means precisely the secret teaching which, handed down from time immemorial among the Kshatriya-Rajputs, King Pravâhana revealed for the first time to the Brahmans.

Yet another passage from *Isis;* "Gautama, no less than all other great reformers, had a doctrine for his 'elect' and another for the outside masses, though the main object of his reform consisted in initiating all, so far as it was permissible and prudent to do, without distinction of castes or wealth, to the great truths hitherto kept so secret by the selfish Brahmanical class. Gautama Buddha it was whom we see the first in the world's history, moved by that generous feeling which locks the whole of humanity within one embrace, inviting the 'poor,' the 'lame,' and the 'blind' to the King's festival table, from which he excluded those who had hitherto sat alone in haughty seclusion. It was he, who, with a bold hand, first opened the door of the sanctuary to the pariah, the fallen one, and all those afflicted by men clothed in gold and purple, often far less worthy than the outcast to whom their finger was scornfully pointing. All this did Siddhartha six centuries before another reformer, as noble and as loving, though less favoured by opportunity, in another land. . . ." (ii, 319).

It may be noted that these passages from *Isis Unveiled* are identical in import with what has been said concerning the relation of Buddha to the Brahman caste; and that the second passage suggests, toward its close, that identity of purpose which makes readily intelligible the co-operation of the Western Master with the Eastern Masters in their purpose to break the grip of Brahmanical tyranny in India. When in this long and difficult conflict, victory is finally won, then the high name, Brahman, will no longer mean a member of a selfish hereditary caste, but, what it originally meant, a "knower of Brahma," a knower of the Eternal.

FRAGMENTS

WHEN in the night the stars shed forth their radiance, unmindful of their shining, intent upon their silent courses, do thou consider how a noble life uplifts the eyes and hearts of lesser men.

Do thou resolve, in imitation of them, to intend thy course on Primal Truth, on its perfections; seeking a knowledge of its laws, obedient to them; forgetful of the outer things that pass away. Then, in time, thou too shalt be a point of light, set in the darkened midnight sky of earthly life. Yet thou must remain unmindful of that service, all contained in service of thy Goal, thy Central Sun,—thereby truly serving, pure from taint of self.

Thus live and serve the Immortals: wouldst thou live with them, live likewise.

Perchance in years to come, the Sages, sweeping the heavens with telescopic vision, may exclaim: Behold a new planet, shining in the West!

Hell is man-made; God made Paradise: so Heaven will outlast Hell. All things have an end, saving God's love for man.

Yet God made Hell in that he made man, and endowed him with free will. Thus Hell is everlasting, to the extent that man's will to sin prevails; but sin being death, that which is sin-created must likewise die. Hell is also everlasting in that God's love continues it, to furnish man opportunity to repent in future days, that in the flame of his suffering he may at length see light.

So that which prevails, and causeth to prevail, is God's unfathomable love for man.

CAVÉ.

WAR MEMORIES

V

Life in Occupied Belgium

AFTER that terrible night when the Germans had come to the Château d'E——, there were, of course, the bitter and galling readjustments to the new conditions which their coming necessitated. I saw little of this myself, however, for as soon as full daylight had flooded the house, and we were set at liberty from that closed chamber of death; as soon as the poor dead boy had been laid to rest in the garden—Félix dug his grave there, though we had to ask permission to have even this done—I began to make plans for a return to Ghent. My duty was, of course, with my unit—if indeed it still existed—and there was no time to lose. It was hard to say good-bye to Madame de R— and her sister, after all that we had just lived through together, but already I was learning one of the great lessons of the War: individuals came and went, in and out of your life, as though they were passing in and out through an open doorway. They might be intimately and vividly near to you for a day or a week; then, out through that door they would go, perhaps at a moment's notice—out and away. The vast conflict swallowed them up as completely as it had swallowed you: of what account were individual lives or concerns at a time like that? Each man had stepped quickly into line as his name was called; he was drafted as quickly into another line when his hour had struck; and perhaps you never saw him again. You had your memories of your old comrades; those with whom you had toiled and striven; but when you were in the heat of some fierce, new struggle, even these became ghostly, unreal, at times. A long procession of ghosts the War has left with us who were in it—ghosts of the dead, ghosts of the living; they come trooping back as we summon them; for a fleeting moment we look once more into their eyes, and we know that all of them are dear, yet we know too that they move silently, as parts only, of the one great whole, and that, in the larger sense, there *were* no individual lives—there was only the War.

Of course, it was not altogether a simple matter to get back to Ghent, as there was now no direct means of transport, the Germans having taken possession of everything; but I did manage it somehow, walking part of the way. No sooner there, however, than it became quite evident that work with my unit was over, for the obvious reason that, with the coming of the enemy, the unit itself no longer had an official recognition; it had, in fact, already been unceremoniously suppressed, and there was no prospect of reorganization on a different basis. I came to a swift decision therefore, determining to return to England and make a fresh start. After all, I had

left London at a few hours' notice, and while I had been gone barely a fortnight, so much had happened in those two weeks, that I felt a fresh start would not be altogether unwise, especially as, with Belgium still in view, I hoped the next time to make a long sojourn.

After a short stay in London, therefore, and an uneventful journey to Holland (the Belgian coast was now, of course, closed) I found myself—feeling quite like a War veteran by this time!—once more "inside the lines". Depression and fear, like a thick cloud, had hung about the frontier, and as we had crossed it, our train gliding first past the Dutch sentry boxes, then past the German; as we had left free Holland and slid into occupied Belgium, it was as though heavy iron doors had clanged to behind us, sharply severing us from all that had been familiar and dear in life up to that time. I cannot describe the sense of finality, of irrevocableness. The moment the frontier was behind us, there was of course a most thorough inspection of papers and of luggage, and I remember that the German officials, hard and rough, made me think uncomfortably of stone-crushing machines. German soldiers were everywhere busy "keeping order", just on general Hunnish principles, so far as I could see, for there appeared to be no tendency whatever to disorder. As I looked, I wondered which of them (or if all) had been guilty, only yesterday, of abominable atrocities—and at the same moment I noticed with a shock that their belt buckles were all engraved in large letters with the device: "*Gott mit uns*"! I found myself staring at it, recoiling from it, but I could hardly have told you whether it was the irony or the blasphemy which seemed the blacker. Stopping that night at an hotel in Antwerp, I have a clear memory of a most amazing spectacle of crowds of superbly uniformed German officers, with closely cropped, square heads, and literally covered with decorations. I had never dreamed there could be so many iron crosses in existence. The hotel lobby and all the corridors swarmed with these men—rather magnificent looking barbarians they were—and they strutted about arrogantly and with an offensive air of possession which, foreigner though I was, aroused my bitter indignation. What the Belgians must have felt, I could not bear to think. At dinner that night, in the large dining room, I remember hearing for the first time, what became so familiar later—the Prussian toast, coined, someone told me, when War was first declared: "*Der Tag!*" At that time they thought "The Day" was not far off, a matter of a few months only—the day when they would hold the world in the hollow of their hand—and I can still see the insolent and boastful way they flourished and then touched their glasses, bowing over them and smiling exultantly. That evening in Antwerp gave me my first clear idea of what life in occupied Belgium was going to be.

Though my "official excuse" for going again into Belgium had been some work, of which I had heard, in the little village of M— to the east of Antwerp, I decided, nevertheless, to push on to Brussels, and make my real beginning (wherever it was foreordained that I should end!) from there; and, arriving without mishap, my first duty was, of course, to report at the *Kommandantur*.

I had flattered myself that nothing done by any German could surprise me, but I was mistaken; for, thanks to the secret service, everything about me appeared to be known already. The officer in charge of the particular bureau to which I was directed, was a super-dreadnought kind of man who, the moment I gave my name, said:

"You have been working in Ghent recently."

"Yes," I answered, a little taken aback at the suddenness of his identification; "why not?"

He made no answer to my question, but, turning on me rather a piercing look, continued:

"You have just come to Brussels almost direct from England. You are intending to go to the village of M— beyond Antwerp. That is near the frontier. Why do you want to go there?"

This amused me—I was such a "greenhorn". It had never entered my head that when in enemy territory, to *choose* to sit down near a frontier just "was not done" by those who were wise. But I had not even yet really grasped the significance of what he was saying.

"Why on earth shouldn't I go near the frontier?" I asked lightly. "What is the matter with it?"

He glared at me.

"You are in Germany," he snarled.

"I am in Belgium," I retorted, too indignant to keep silent.

"You are in Germany!" he thundered, and if there had been rafters to that room, they would have echoed.

There was one thing I was more afraid of than any other—that I might give the Germans the right to put me out of the country. They had the power to do so, and I had been warned that this had not infrequently happened to imprudent travellers. But I did not intend to furnish them with an excuse. Moreover, there had, of course, been nothing in that embryonic plan of mine to go to the village of M—, which they were not quite welcome to know all about, and I was beginning to wonder if they did not, perhaps, know more about it than I did myself. I ended the matter, at least temporarily, by remarking, with as much of an air of indifference as I could assume, that it now looked as though I should remain in Brussels and work there, certainly for the present, and I left the *Kommandantur* without further difficulty. Curiously enough, I completely forgot, until long afterwards, that first experience of mine with the German secret service.

It soon became evident that the life now opening before me was to be a very different one from that which I had passed in Ghent; that while I was still just as much in Belgium, and really not so many miles from the scenes of the earlier work, I might have been on another planet. While working in Ghent, I was in the midst of splendid movement, of kaleidoscopic change, of daring, of adventure and of achievement; now, I realized, I was entering on a phase of the War which was calling out very different qualities from the heroic little country—fortitude, in the face of the most monstrous and abom-

inable injustice; endurance, when there was not a glimmer of light ahead; hope, when there seemed literally no hope in sight; faith, never faltering, in ultimate victory. The Belgians at home were making in *their* way, the same splendid and determined stand against the Germans of the occupation, as their invincible little army was doing in *its* field; and while they were being called upon for the display of a far different kind of courage, it was, perhaps, a kind more rare than that which faces death in the heat of battle. It would be very difficult adequately to describe the atmosphere of the occupation, as little by little I came to appreciate it; its peculiarly insidious character; the strange, contradictory emotions of the Belgians: the gaunt fear, which, despite themselves, gripped at the hearts of many of them; the indomitable courage with which this creeping dread was faced; the magnificent way they trampled it under foot. The Germans never lost an opportunity to humiliate them, to harass and torture them. They imprisoned them without the least justification; they deported them for refusing to work for their "conquerors", and so against their King and their country; they shot them by hundreds, almost without trial, and certainly in most cases without excuse. It was the "cat and mouse" horror; the tyranny of the strong over the weak,—a form of cruelty, ancient as the hills, but peculiarly "refined" as practised by the Germans. Yet the Belgians met all their trials with a mocking, and only slightly veiled defiance; a kind of reckless indifference which left you mute with admiration. One of the finest things in the War was the way the Belgian people, through all the grinding miseries and heartbreak of the occupation, kept their spirit and their interior independence. The way they behaved towards the Germans in public was really a work of art. They treated them with an ill-concealed, half-humorous insolence, most refreshing to see; passing them as though they did not exist, or with an over-emphatic courtesy which threw ridicule upon them, without giving even a German the excuse to retaliate; and if the Germans (as was evident) were trying to crush the spirit of Belgium, even they might have seen (if they had had the wits to look) that from the very first their task was hopeless. But the Germans never saw anything which they did not want to see, and because they closed their eyes to the real situation, they merely defeated their own ends, and though Belgium was "occupied", it never was conquered.

Naturally I lost no time in trying to find work to do, and I had not been mistaken—there was plenty. Just at first it was, of course, odds and ends, anything that came my way; but before long I had the great good fortune (the result of a kind word on my behalf, by someone who was able to pull a wire) to be admitted as *infirmière*, on night duty, in the Hospital of the Royal Palace—the Hospital which the Queen had installed at the very commencement of hostilities, and which had been kept open and smoothly running after the Government and the Court had moved to Antwerp. It had from the beginning been a dream of mine to work there, though I saw little chance of doing so, but the dream came true, none the less. It was a splendidly equipped hospital, in a magnificent setting. The main portion of the building

had been given up to it; the great *Galerie des Fêtes*, with the seemingly endless rows of small, white cots stretching off into misty distances; with its brilliantly decorated walls, and lofty, gold-embossed ceilings from which hung enormous crystal chandeliers, being only "one of the wards." The vast *Salle de Bal* was another, and you reached the smaller wards from these. The first wounded had been received as early as the middle of August, and they had been coming and going ever since. At the time that I started my duties, allied or enemy wounded were alike mercifully admitted—Belgian, French, English and German. Of course, all save the German wounded were prisoners of war, and so at any moment were liable to be carried off to Germany, and this was one of the most painful aspects of our hospital life. As our men healed toward convalescence (or even before), would they be taken away from us, and sent to some distant and dismal internment camp? We got so fond of our men, nursing them back to life, day by day. A wounded man is so dependent on you, if his hurts are grievous; he turns to you for the least thing, and often I found myself, with a lump in my throat, hoping that mine, at least, would not get well too fast.

Picking up one of the many threads of my memory, therefore, I am taken back to a certain night when, for the first time, I learned why the youthful occupant of one of the beds in my ward, lay for hours at a time, staring into darkness, with sleepless eyes, in an agony of silent, inner conflict, which nothing seemed to still. For weeks he had lain there, on that narrow, hospital bed; only semi-conscious at first; with white, drawn face, where that awful look of mingled youth and age was already indelibly stamped—a familiar look to us since the War had come; emaciated, for he was paralysed from the waist down; his lips sometimes moving as though he were trying to speak, yet almost always relapsing again into silence. Sometimes at night, though, when everything in the ward was so quiet that he fancied himself alone, I would see him throw an arm out as if to shield someone, and once I heard him cry: "*Non, non . . . . Jésus . . . . non!*" I used to tell the head nurse about this, but she seemed as puzzled as I how best to help him. No doubt she consulted the doctors in charge, and we moved him to a far corner of the ward, hoping to give him greater quiet, but it seemed to make little difference. The head nurse told me that they knew he had been in some way connected with the horror of those August days when the massacres at Dinant took place, but no one seemed to be sure of the facts. It was my habit, when my duties in preparing my men and my ward for the night were over, to go and sit beside him, as he lay there with those wide-open eyes, seeing some dreadful sight, I knew. Hours on end I used to sit there. At intervals through the night I would, of course, make tours of my ward, to see that all was as it should be, or in response to a moan from some other bed: "*Sapristi! Quelle misère!*" escaping between clenched teeth; or the familiar: "*Ma sœur, j'ai soif!*" Then I would hasten with a glass of water, beat up a pillow or two, or take a temperature, but I always hurried back as quickly as I could to that boy (he was little more than that), with the drawn lips and the sleepless eyes—

for even when he was given narcotics he did not seem really to sleep. My medical responsibilities amounted to very little; it could not have been otherwise since I was in no way a trained nurse,—that, of course, is why I had been given night duty. There were no dressings, no operations or other technical matters, but at least I could *watch*, and I was learning something which concerned me far more than the amputation of arms. So, night after night, I used to sit beside this boy until the daylight came, when his eyes would sometimes grow heavy, as though, now that the darkness had gone, he *dared* to close them.

At last one night, when the ward was specially still, to my surprise he spoke to me, gravely, and in a quiet, level voice.

"You have sat here many nights beside me, *ma sœur*. You have been kind."

"I have always hoped that you would sleep," I answered. "Don't you think you could sleep now? Try!"

But he shook his head. "By and bye—perhaps," and he looked away from me quickly.

I waited; I knew he wanted to say more. Presently he turned his head again:

"You are not Belgian," he said, "but do you know our country? Do you know Dinant?"

"I have never been there," I told him, "but I have always heard that it was beautiful."

"Yes, it *was* beautiful," he answered, "and it was my home."

His bed was, fortunately, at some distance from the rest of the wounded; so his speaking could not disturb them in the silence of the night, and he continued, still in the same level voice. I was glad he was speaking, at last, for I felt that nothing would ease him so much.

"We were guarding both banks of the Meuse overlooking Dinant—we and the French—those days of August, and my regiment (I am of the Chasseurs) was there. This seemed like good fortune to me because, being of Dinant, I liked to have a hand in defending my own town. But I was taken prisoner, with others, and we were crowded into a kind of enclosure thrown up by the Germans, just behind the lines, and were left there with few to guard us, while the fighting went on for days. We heard our cannon booming from both sides of the river, and the German artillery answering furiously; the fighting must have been desperate. I was wounded in my right arm; it had not been properly tended and had become very painful; but early one night, under cover of darkness, I managed to make my escape, and to get into Dinant (I knew all the country round about so well, you see), and to my own home, where my wife and our baby and my old parents were. You can imagine their joy at seeing me, thus unexpectedly. I intended, of course, the next day to get back to my regiment if I could, but I did not then know that already our brave allies, the French, had been forced to abandon one bank of the river, and that our town was doomed. It was toward morning,

and my wife and I were still sitting there, making our plans for the future (for I had not seen her for what seemed a long time, and I did not know if I should see her again), when suddenly, in a neighbouring street, we heard the sound of rapid firing, and then a rush of heavy feet pouring into our own street. We had had no warning at all. I peeped through the shutters—daylight was just coming—and saw to my horror that we were in a trap. It was the Germans. At the same moment, my old parents, roused by the furious noise, came hurrying into the room, and I saw my wife holding out some civilian clothes to me, imploring me to change. But I could not. My uniform is my country's; I had not the heart to abandon it. Outside, the noise in the street grew into an uproar; huge military cars, filled with soldiers who were shooting right and left, aiming at nothing but hitting everything, came dashing through it. They all seemed to be intoxicated, for they shouted and sang as they tore by. Then I saw that the Germans who had first swarmed into our street, were breaking open the doors of some of the houses, and that other houses were being set on fire. Our turn would come soon, I knew. I looked at my wife; she had snatched up our baby and was holding him tight to her breast. I looked at my old father and mother, and they were praying. The Germans had, of course, removed my rifle when they took me prisoner, and I was unarmed; but I remembered a heavy club which I had owned before the War, and I ran and got that. I could not use my right arm, which was hanging limp and useless, but I hoped I might manage to strike with my left. 'Be ready,' I cried, 'and follow me wherever I go.' By this time, many of the civilians in our street were rushing from their houses, driven out by smoke and fire. I saw that men and women and children alike, were being shot down as they ran, or that they were being herded together in crowds, evidently to await a more lingering death,—you see we had heard how the people of Visé had fared, so we knew what to expect. I saw Germans standing about, laughing. For them it was a carousal. I gripped my club tighter—I knew our moment had come. A second later, I realized that our house, too, was on fire, for great clouds of dense smoke came pouring over us, and, at the same time, I heard them at our door, pounding with their axes to force an entrance. It gave way, and I rushed at the first German who entered, and dealt him such a blow on the head that he reeled, and fell backwards. I shouted to my wife: 'Get out of this, all of you, if you can,' while I tried to smash the next man. I saw my old father and mother run into the street where they were shot as they ran. My old mother did not die at once; she begged for mercy,—so they beat her on the head, as she lay there, and I saw her brains splash out on the stones. I saw my wife rush past me, holding our baby; I saw a huge German tear him roughly from her, while two others seized her, and then the most horrible thing that can happen to any woman, happened to my wife—you understand? Those men attacked her, while others stood by and laughed—yes, again that night I saw them making merry, as though at a kind of feast[1]—and I was powerless to help, for by this time I was pinned against

[1] They were making real the *ritterliche Ehrenhaftigkeit* ideal of the German army.

the wall of our house by four or five other Germans, and I could not move. God! how I struggled to get free, to save her—not ten yards away. I saw it all. And then they killed her; they ran a bayonet through her, twice, three times,—and she died. I saw her die; without a word she died, though I called and called to her. And I saw the huge German who had snatched our baby from her, lift him high in the air, and choke him—yes, choke him with those great hands of his; and then he tossed him away with his little broken neck, as you would throw away a glove. I saw it with these two eyes of mine,—and I could do nothing. Those men held me there, pressed against the wall of our burning house. And then they shot me. I suppose I fell, and they thought me dead—I do not know; I remember nothing more until I found myself here. That is all. From the first moment that I regained consciousness, I have had but one desire—to avenge that hideous outrage, those monstrous murders, and, paralysed though I am, I still hope, for I see that sight always, and, my God! may I never forget it!"

Once more he lapsed into silence; once more those sleepless, wide-open eyes stared into the night—but his tale was told. Yet, as though he must drink the last bitter dregs of his bitter cup, he was, before long, taken away to Germany with others, as a prisoner of war. Why they should have taken him a paralytic, I never knew,—but they did. One night, without any warning whatever, a German officer in command of a few soldiers arrived, and informed the hospital authorities unceremoniously that the men on the list which he brought, must be given up at once. There were emphatic protests, of course, but they were useless. The nursing staff was quickly notified, and we had, as quickly, to prepare our poor wounded for their cruel journey. No one knew where they were to be taken, and that was perhaps the hardest part of it. Two men from my ward went that night, and the boy from Dinant was one of them. As the head nurse and I worked over him, I watched to see if he had any final thing which he wanted to say, but he only thanked us gently for our good care—though I saw that his face was firmly set. Then, into the dimly lit ward, usually so quiet and still at that hour, came the heavy and unheeding tramp of feet; we lifted him carefully from his bed, and the last I saw of him he was being carried away by two thick-set German soldiers, on a narrow German stretcher. I have often wondered if those sleepless eyes of his are now mercifully closed for good—but I have never heard.

Life in the Hospital was very much of a routine. Each night I went on duty at seven o'clock; each morning I went home about eight. In the afternoon I would go for a walk, to see something of the War-time life of Brussels, or to the house of some acquaintance, and so back to Hospital duty at seven. There was little change. We had our celebrations at the Hospital—Christmas came, and the New Year, bringing visitors and flowers and what cheer we could summon. We had our "parties", when there was singing or reciting for the men; we had "parties" of a different sort when, toward the spring, the Germans, not infrequently, used to come and inspect us; but I think the most interesting event of all (perhaps chiefly because of something unusual

which happened in connection with it) occurred on the 18th of June, 1915, when the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo was celebrated. The Germans had announced, tactfully, that the chief event of the day would take place early in the morning, directly in front of the Royal Palace, when Governor General von Bissing would address the Army and the German civilian population then resident in Brussels. From the windows of the Palace there was a perfect view of all that went on, though we had, of course, the strictest injunctions from the Hospital authorities, to avoid being seen by the Germans—a somewhat unnecessary caution, as the last thing we wanted was to give them the satisfaction of supposing that we were paying any attention to them. My duties for the night were really over, but I could not leave the Palace without getting involved in that crowd of Germans which was beginning to collect outside, so I decided to stay where I was until after the ceremony.

It was a wonderful, sunny morning, and as the various regiments picked for the occasion, swung into the Place des Palais from the Rue Royale, with colours flying and military bands crashing, and then finally came to rest, massed in solid formation, it was really quite an imposing sight. I remember the arrival of the Imperial Guard, in gorgeous scarlet and glistening white, and tall, white-plumed helmets, shining brilliantly in the sun; the magnificent black horses they rode, the smooth, glossy black coats making a fine contrast with the vivid colour of the uniforms. Hundreds of German school children, standing in a dense crowd to the left, had been transported from the Fatherland for the occasion—this was what the Germans always did; whenever there was an "historic *fête*", you found young Germany present in force. The German residents of Brussels, also a dense crowd, balanced the children on the right. I doubt if there was a single Belgian to be seen anywhere near the spot, for, not only on their own account would the Belgians wish to ignore this German demonstration, but particularly would they wish to do so on account of their allies, the French. When everything was ready, we saw the gates of the lovely little Park, directly opposite the Palace, swing open; von Bissing, with members of his staff, came out into the Place des Palais, and, mounting a platform erected for the occasion, he began his address. We could hear his voice, but we could not hear what he said. There was the usual applause, and the address came finally to an end. This was all *outside* the Palace. *Inside*, something was brewing of which I knew nothing, though, as a matter of fact, it concerned me rather particularly. I had been standing off to one side, a little apart from the rest, by one of the folding doors which opened on to the long, wide balcony at the centre of the Palace façade—the balcony used for all State occasions, which directly overlooked the German ceremony now in progress below. No one was supposed to go out there, of course, as long as that ceremony lasted; so it was with great surprise that I saw one of our wounded men (he was one of *mine!*) shoot suddenly out from somewhere, hobble quickly over to the balustrade, raise his tasselled, military cap in the air, and——

"*Vive Napoléon! Vive l'Empereur!*" I heard him shout.

For a moment, I could not believe my ears, nor could I move, so amazed was I, and so delighted; but, of course, as part of the Hospital staff, I was in honour bound to assist in maintaining order (especially so, since the man belonged to my ward), and nothing could have been more contrary to order than this glorious insurrection. It did not take me long, therefore, to dash from my seclusion, seize his arm, while in one ear I cried, "*Bravo!*" and in the other, "*Mais taisez-vous, donc!*" He said not a word, but moved slowly away—as I thought, to leave the balcony, where he had no right to be; but before I could stop him, he had made another swift turn toward the balustrade, and again that protesting voice rang out:

"*Vive Napoléon Vive l'Em——!*"

He was not allowed to finish his second outburst, however, for an enormous and indignant *brancardier*, who had been a tardy witness, pounced on him with a growl.

"*Imbécile!*" he snapped, "Do you want to get yourself and all the rest of us shot?"

And without another word he put a powerful arm round the offender, and pulled him in through the glass doors. I followed closely and swore the *brancardier* to solemn secrecy, for I knew what the consequences to my man would be if the matter came to the attention of the Hospital authorities, who, while they would no doubt heartily sympathize, could hardly be expected to approve. Then I began to ask myself how it was that, with the Germans just below us, near enough for us to have been able to hear von Bissing's voice, almost his words, they had apparently taken no notice of our "balcony scene", and I realized that at the very moment of *our* outbreak, there had come a burst of loud and prolonged German applause, following von Bissing's address—of course drowning us. If anyone from below had chanced to *see* our man standing there with raised cap, there could only have been a favourable interpretation, even if some surprise accompanied it. You could always count on the vanity of the Germans. Later I asked my man why he had done it, and learned, for the first time, that he was of French descent; that he had been brought up on the Napoleonic tradition, as his father had been before him; that he always carried a picture of Napoleon about with him (he showed it to me with great pride), and to use his own defiant words:

"Don't talk to me! I stood it as long as I could, but when I saw those *sales Boches* celebrating this day, I just boiled over, *voilà tout!*"—and his jaw closed with a snap.

I think there can have been no doubt whatever in the mind of anyone living in Brussels through that first winter of the War, that the Belgians were as far from surrendering, in any real sense, to the Germans, as they had ever been; but if you wanted a final proof, if you wanted to see unveiled the spirit of the Belgian people on a large scale, you had but to go to the Church of St. Jacques, quite near to the Palace, on a Sunday morning. High Mass was always celebrated there, and such crowds gathered that even the portico

was packed, the throng overflowing like a cascade down the steps, and well out into the street. I remember the first time I found myself in the midst of that crowd. Quite evidently these people were not all Catholics; they had by no means all come to take part in the Mass, but they lingered—they were waiting for what they knew was to follow it. At the altar were the officiating priests; the flash of moving colour; the smell of incense; around me, these men and women with eager, expectant looks—waiting for something which, more than anything else that happened in those dark and anxious days, renewed their courage and their determination; and when the Mass drew to its close, I watched the smouldering inner fire glow in every rapt face in that great multitude. As the last words at the altar died away, there was a short pause, when no one seemed to breathe at all, so poignant was that moment —that moment for which they had all waited. Then, very softly at first, the great organ swung into the splendid and martial rhythm of "*La Brabançonne*", the proscribed Belgian National Anthem; softly at first, but swelling gradually, sweeping onwards chord on chord, filling the whole church, and pouring out into the street, over the heads of the people there. I saw men, standing outside, uncover; the women's faces were pale with intense but silent emotion; and when at the end, the dearly loved last words of that hymn were brought to their memories on the flood-tide of the music—"*Le Roi, La Loi, La Liberté!*" —patriotic feeling, hope and longing, burst all bounds, and I heard men crying aloud, "*Vive la Belgique!*", and even the death-penalty cry, "*Vive le Roi!*" Nothing that happened in occupied Belgium was more deeply stirring than this weekly celebration at St. Jacques; nothing was more mysterious. I have never heard an explanation of why it was allowed, when almost everything else seemed forbidden. Perhaps the silent endurance of the Belgians had (even at that early stage) begun to intimidate the Germans!

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

Thou sufferest injustice; console thyself; the real misfortune is to be guilty of it.—PYTHAGORAS.

WHY I BELIEVE THIS TO BE A "SHADOW-WORLD"

I

MATERIAL objects are like shadows. They are unstable and unsubstantial, for they appear and change contour and disappear. Their existence is conditional and contingent, and their meaning and significance depend upon the degree to which they bear witness to some enduring reality of which they are reflections.

The materialist recognizes the transitory and tentative character of phenomena, and he logically postulates a real and immutable *nature* as their ground and cause. However, he makes no distinction as regards quality between the noumenon and the phenomenon. He represents the substratum of the material world as some condition of matter or energy differing only in its degree of subtilty from the conditions which we know through the experience of the physical senses.

The Platonic philosopher regards the noumenon as qualitatively distinct from the phenomenon. The world of matter, he asserts, is the shadow and emanation of the causal world of Consciousness. Man living in an animal body has a lower and a higher nature. Through the lower nature he participates in the shadowy existence of the physical universe. In his higher nature he is an undivided part of the universal Consciousness of which all temporal existences are fragmentary projections.

The student of Theosophy has an opportunity to make explicit these tenets of the Platonic doctrine which is, of course, far older than Plato. The following may be suggested as some of the meanings which may be deduced from them.

The lower personal consciousness is the shadow of a shadow, for it is a reflection of the sensuous experience of the body. The sorrows and evils of what is called psychic life seem to be almost entirely the product of the illusion that the lower personal consciousness is the most real thing in our possession, whereas it is less real even than our bodies. It is like a mirror reflecting the reflection of a light in another mirror.

There are nobler elements, however, mingled with the dross in the crucible of the personality. One may believe that they are radiations of the higher nature of man. They reveal, by contrast, the darkness of the shadows surrounding them, but by bringing light to the shadow-world they also show forth something of the purpose for which it was created.

Through their agency we become aware of an ideal of perfected humanity which we can realize personally and self-consciously if we will. And they

bring to us evidence that this ideal has already been attained by living men who desire to help us to rise to their condition.

We live, therefore, in a shadow-world which is, nevertheless, not wholly devoid of light. Such an existence can be made profitable only if it be accepted realistically for what it is. This means that, not with the intellect only but with our whole nature, we must resolve to treat material and psychic objects and concerns as shadows, as things having no existence in themselves, as mere dreams, pleasant or unpleasant. At the same time, since our present powers of perception are incapable of rising from the contemplation of darkness to the unveiled vision of light, we shall be wise to make the best of the situation and to rejoice that we can see even a little in the darkness. A shadow is the witness and symbol of the being of something more real than itself. The very incompleteness and imperfection of our humanity may become a cause of inspiration and a stimulus to progress, for it suggests that somehow and somewhere a complete and perfect humanity has been evolved by others and may, in turn, be evolved by ourselves.

S. L.

II

When Socrates said to the Athenians, "Whither are you hurrying, wretched ones? You seek happiness where it is not, and if anyone tells you where it is, you will not believe him," he was telling them, in effect, that they were pursuing shadows, mistaking them for realities.

"Man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain," sang the Psalmist.

The author of *Light on the Path* speaks of "those who have seen no light, whose souls are in profound gloom."

To-day, even as in the time of Socrates, most people, if they attend at all to statements such as these, regard them as eccentric; evidence, perhaps, of sickness, trouble or disappointment, which have depressed and slightly unbalanced the speaker's mind, distorting his view of actualities. To them such ideas appear morbid, unnatural, not worthy of serious consideration; and yet these ideas, since they receive such high endorsement, must surely be worthy of thoughtful consideration by all open-minded seekers of truth.

How, then, may one account for or reconcile two such contrary views of life as the all-but-universal one, which may seem to require no explanation, and that unusual view, exemplified in these sayings?

One way of answering the question is this: Human life is almost universally considered as it appears from the standpoint of the personality. The Teachers of men view it from the standpoint of the soul. That which is "bright day" to the personality, the false self, may well be "dark night" to the soul, which is the Real Self.

Men think of themselves as *persons;* they are self-conscious as personalities, not as souls. Even if the idea that they *have* souls is accepted as a working

hypothesis, it amounts to little more than a hazy notion, a theory, which has very little effect on their everyday lives.

What is this personality which poses as, and takes itself to be, the real man? The personality may be defined as a fragmentary and distorted reflection of the soul, the real man. It has been created by the soul as a means of attaining to self-consciousness. Its proper function in life, its *raison d'être*, is to serve the purposes of the soul; to be a useful instrument.

But the personality, having reached a pseudo-maturity, and waxing lusty and strong, has deposed its rightful lord, usurped his throne, and holds the soul in bondage.

This self-crowned ruler, the personality, lives his—fancied—separate, personal life in an imaginary *personal* world, known only to himself. He has built up an image in his own mind of a special and peculiar *person* which he takes himself to be, and which, mentally, he has endowed with such and such virtues, qualities, characteristics, possessions, privileges and rights.

As a result of this conception of himself, there arise in his consciousness a myriad desires and ambitions, hopes and fears, likes and dislikes, loves and hatreds, all based on the underlying idea of a *personal* man in a *personal* world.

Every event and aspect of life he views from this personal standpoint, and according to the bearing which it may appear to have on the person he takes himself to be. Loving and admiring himself enormously, he sees the universe as centring in himself.

The life of the personal man, therefore, is one of self-centredness, self-seeking, self-indulgence, self-defence. It is also a life of vibration, of constant alternation and change, since this is the essential nature of the world of fancy in which he lives, a world of mingled and confused reflections. His consciousness swings back and forth, like a pendulum, between hope and fear, satisfaction and disappointment, pleasure and pain, and the other "pairs of opposites." This oscillation and vibration are to the personal man both the sense of life and the assurance of his own reality and importance. Without them life would become a blank; a dark and fearsome void.

But the real man is the soul, whose nature is one with the Eternal, whose essence is love and joy, whose home is in realms of Light. To the soul, the divagations of the personal man, his self-love and self-seeking, his incessant searchings for pleasure and comfort, his strivings for recognition and for admiration, are naught but the pursuit of shadows; a shadow-life in a shadow-world.

The longing of the soul is for freedom; freedom from the trammels of self; freedom to live in the Real; freedom to live as Immortal; now, in this present life.

How can this freedom be won? Only by the defeat and subjection of the personality. And this can be accomplished only through long and arduous warfare, which, once begun, must be continued until complete and final victory has been gained.

"Look for the warrior and let him fight in thee. Take his orders for battle

and obey them. Obey him, not as though he were a general, but as though he were thyself. . . . He is thyself, yet thou art but finite and liable to error. He is eternal and is sure. He is eternal truth. . . . At the day of the great peace he will become one with thee."

Then shall the night be turned to day;
Darkness and shadow shall flee away.

C. M. S.

III

Things visible are but the shadow and delineation of things that we cannot see.
GREGORY OF NAZIANZEN.

A "Shadow-world", this world in which we live and move and have our being: difficult to believe for the materialist, difficult for those even somewhat further up the scale of inner development. Things, events, appear so real; we identify ourselves with them to so great an extent. Yet even those least given to sustained and serious thought will admit that, to a certain degree, we ourselves create events; that effect follows cause; that the ordering of our life and conduct is the result of the way in which we habitually think, of the kind of thing which we habitually want. What we do and say is the outward expression of our inner thought and desire. Our habitual motive and intent, selfish or selfless as it may be, furnishes the material for the pictures of our acts which are thrown upon the screen; and upon the succession and sequence of the pictures depend the events which follow as a result of those acts. To this extent will they admit that this is a "Shadow-world", but when they do so they are thinking only in terms of human motive uninspired by direct contact with the spiritual world. The shadows of which they have knowledge are blurred and vague; they are without that Light which makes them so clear-cut and distinct that their very sharpness of outline renders brighter, in turn, the Light itself.

We are told, in *The Secret Doctrine*, that "everything on Earth is the shadow of something in Space";[1] that the Real World is Space; that Space is peopled with invisible beings. With this as our point of departure, world events take on a new meaning. They are no longer merely the result and expression of divergent human motives and opinions, shadowy and indistinct and difficult to visualize clearly. Such an event as the World War is clearly seen for what it was, a colossal contest of the Divine Powers against the Powers of Evil. Spiritual forces were in action. Across the screen moved the shadows of a succession of stirring events, which aroused in the hearts of men unsuspected reaches of heroism, self-sacrifice, courage, endurance. To one was offered the opportunity of completely changing the Karma of this incarnation; to another that of rising to further inner heights never before possible. Across

[1] *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I., p. 539; Ed. 1893.

the screen moved the figures of men among the nations, used by the Spiritual Powers for the furtherance of their purposes, until the limitations of each individual set a definite end to the possibilities of further usefulness; these very limitations themselves were used to hold back the progress of events at a given point, until the time to drive forward had come and the situation demanded new and different qualities. Then we saw other men taking their places, men who had been guided step by step until their training was sufficiently complete to enable them to carry on where their predecessors had failed. Everything was used, in this Divine warfare. Impossible to doubt that men functioned on a far higher plane of consciousness, of inner spiritual activity—by whatever name they themselves called it—than they ever had before; impossible for them not to have done so with such forces at work. Individuals and nations, for the time being at any rate, found their souls; they responded to this incentive, sometimes only partly understood, but which they recognized as coming from outside of themselves, while blending with something within themselves which before they had only known imperfectly. Through their response came the progress of the events upon the screen; the shadows so cast were blurred when the limitations of men stood in the way, clear and defined when illumination was in their hearts. Back of the shadows, casting all into relief, shone the Light.

This warfare against evil is not ended; it goes on ceaselessly, in different forms, in the world to-day. "The Silent Watcher, or the Divine Prototype, is at the upper rung of the Ladder of Being, the Shadow at the lower."[2] For each one of us, the battle-field lies in the shadow of his present incarnation. Drawn increasingly toward the Light, pressing toward it with aspiration and effort and desire, the individual becomes increasingly conscious of the illusion inherent in the things of the material world, of the unreality of its standards. He searches and strives for a consciousness of reality. Sometimes it is a belated recognition; immediate consciousness is delayed by mixture of motives, by inattention, by wrong self-identification at the moment. Sometimes conviction of reality comes to him at once, in a blinding flash, and his field of action is clearly defined, and he knows what it is that he must do next. Forever joined with his struggle to raise the level of his perception and of his consciousness, is his battle with his lower self, his constant warfare against self-deceit and lack of self-honesty, his fight to attain that purity of heart and nature that will enable him to "see God." But in the measure in which realization of illusion is his, in the measure in which he has been able through self-conquest to attain to consciousness of reality, to that degree will the darkness in which he is fighting be illumined, to that degree will the shadow be clearly defined to him who watches from the upper rung of the Ladder.

So, in each case, the analogy of the screen is complete, the truth of the statement that this is a "shadow-world" is evident, whether it be when the man of the world dimly recognizes that his obscure thoughts and desires

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[2] *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I., p. 285; Ed. 1893.

produce results in the form of events, or when the Powers that rule the Universe deliberately move the hearts and minds of men to conform to their great purposes, or when the individual seeker after truth and reality consciously fights his battle in the sight of that Master upon whose Ray he has his being. Yet there should not be discouragement or despair because this battle must be so largely in the shadow. "Shadow is that which enables Light to manifest itself, and gives it objective reality. Therefore Shadow is not evil, but is the necessary and indispensable corollary which completes Light or Good; it is its creator on Earth."[3] The shadow in which the individual moves is relatively real to him, and affords him his opportunity; it is for him to use the circumstances and surroundings in which he finds himself, in terms, and in the light of, his present level of consciousness, until increased perception brings to him still greater vision and opportunity.

Nothing can make this more clear than the following, again from *The Secret Doctrine*:—

"The existences belonging to every plane of being, up to the highest Dhyân Chohans, are, comparatively, like the shadows cast by a magic lantern on a colourless screen. Nevertheless all things are relatively real, for the cognizer is also a reflection, and the things cognized are therefore as real to him as himself. Whatever reality things possess, must be looked for in them before or after they have passed like a flash through the material world; for we cannot cognize any such existence directly, so long as we bring only material existence into the field of our consciousness. Whatever plane our consciousness may be acting in, both we and the things belonging to that plane are, for the time being, our only realities. But as we rise in the scale of development, we perceive that in the stages through which we have passed, we mistook shadows for realities, and that the upward progress of the Ego is a series of progressive awakenings, each advance bringing with it the idea that now, at last, we have reached 'reality'; but only when we shall have reached absolute Consciousness, and blended our own with it, shall we be free from the delusions produced by Mâyâ."[4]

The extent of our conviction of Reality must, therefore, depend upon ourselves. In the nature of things, it must be for some a long and slow and laborious process; but it can come in a blinding flash,—it *has* come thus to those who were ready to receive it. So it came to the dying thief upon the cross, because he turned completely at the last; so it came to St. Paul on the road to Damascus, and illusion fell away; so it came to men killed in the War, at the very moment of death, because the heroic nature of that death itself made conviction possible. Upon the greatness of our desire and of our longing must depend, for us, the extent to which we can turn from the Shadow to the Substance.

C. R. A.

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[3] *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II., p. 225; Ed. 1893.
[4] Vol. I., pp. 71, 72; Ed. 1893.

IV

In one sense I do not believe this to be a "shadow-world." For the few who take the alchemists' view of it, those few who see in differentiation but the manifestation of Proteus in nature, this is a very real world. But they who hold this view are in so small a minority that by and large I believe it correct to term this a "shadow-world."

A shadow is a reflected image and also an obscurity. Hence anything which is a reflection and an obscurity can be, to those who see merely the surface of things, but a shadow; the reality from which the shadow is cast is beyond their powers of perception. Such people, and their name is legion, verily walk to and fro in the "valley of the shadow", seeing no connection between "a clod, a stone" and themselves. They think, if indeed they favour nature with their thoughts at all, that these various things of nature are separate one from another, and in some way have separate existences. They carry this idea all the way up, or down, to themselves, and by virtue of it, "confer" upon themselves a right to a distinct and separate existence. They deal only with the rinds of things—and rinds differ in appearance. Hence they perceive diversity instead of unity, reflection instead of reality; in short, they live in a world of shadow, and that "shadow-world" is this world.

Of course there are reflections of reflections, obscurities of obscurities, and we, who to a greater or less extent make up this people whose name is legion, can hardly expect to jump at once from the rind to the reality, from perceiving many differentiations to perceiving Proteus; from our ingrained sense of separateness to the alchemists' conception of primordial Substance. But a start toward the alchemists' view may be made in a simple and logical manner. Though the real of the real must be sought within the within, we are so accustomed to deal with the rind of the rind, that we may find it easier to commence by trying to accustom ourselves to certain surface similarities, before beginning to probe beneath and behind the surface, which is what must eventually be done unless we are to continue to live in a world of "shadow."

Each will have his own way of going about this; and his way will be the best for him because it will be adapted to his requirements; so there is no special significance claimed for the suggestions set forth here, except as they may serve as stimuli.

Suppose we select for these experiments three pairs of familiar objects such as a lump of coal and a stone; a cauliflower and a wild carrot; an elephant and a giraffe, with the idea of finding some apparent similarity between the objects of each pair, and then some apparent similarity which may be carried on from a lump of coal to a giraffe. When this has been done it will be interesting to note if a way has not been opened which will lead to probing beneath the mere exterior of things perceived.

If a lump of coal and a stone of about similar size and surface texture be placed in the hands of one who is blindfold, it will be difficult for him to discern any difference between them. A similarity between the second pair is evident,

because both belong to the flower-cluster family, for the cauliflower is a variety of cabbage in which the head consists of a thick flower cluster, while the stalk of the wild carrot bears a single flower in a flower cluster. Of the third pair, both the elephant and the giraffe have an elongated organ: one a snout, the other a neck; moreover, both snout and neck are used to reach for sustenance. Now if a lump of coal be examined under a strong light and with an ordinary magnifying glass, it is possible to see on its glistening black surface certain wavy grass-like shapes which, coming together at their base, suggest an incipient stem. Though less undulating in character, these same shapes may be seen if the rough surface of a stone be similarly examined. But the undulations of the stone are more plant-like in appearance, for they converge in such a way as to form what resembles a short stem, and are, in miniature, not unlike the individual flower shapes which form the various clusters combining to make the head of the cauliflower. Through its short stem, which is rooted in the ground, the cauliflower derives a certain amount of nourishment, while an elongated edition of this is the stalk of the wild carrot; and an animated edition of this stalk, or tube-like contrivance through which certain sustenance is derived, is the trunk of the elephant and the neck of the giraffe.

True, there is nothing profound, nothing occult, about these similarities: a child could trace them. But whither and to what can such simple beginnings lead, if the process be carried farther? Certainly, out of some of the reflections, some of the obscurities, of this "shadow-world."

Unless such beginnings, once made, are further developed into the nucleus of a system, they remain childish. All systems of science, of philosophy, of religion, start either with the apparent, and proceed toward the hidden, or proceed from the unknown which is traced to the known. Alchemy is no exception. It may be begun by studying the metals only; but again this is of small avail unless used as a basis to pass from the mineral to the vegetable kingdom, to the animal kingdom, to man; and thence to Those, and to those things, as much above and greater than man, as is "man above the black beetle." Thus alchemy may be used to trace inward to a conception of the One.

On the other hand, starting from a conception of the One, the origin of All, alchemy may be used to show us how to trace outward and downward until the One is apprehended in All. To do this, consider alchemy in its simplest form as concerned with the art of making silver and gold, or of transmuting the base metals into the noble ones. The early alchemists regarded all substances as being composed of one primal Substance or Solvent. The apparent differences of various substances they attributed to the different qualities imposed upon the primal Substance or Solvent. This primal Substance or Solvent was identified as mercury—not ordinary mercury, but the essence or soul of mercury, the "mercury of the philosophers." The problem of the operator was to remove the different qualities imposed on this "mercury", and then to treat the primal Substance or Solvent, thus obtained, with sulphur,

to "confer upon it the desired qualities." Again, this sulphur was not ordinary sulphur. It may be spoken of as the principle of sulphur which constituted "the philosopher's stone or elixir." Thus the early alchemists held that all metals were in essence this "mercury" which, when fixed by virtue of pure white "sulphur", engendered a matter which "fusion changed into silver," whereas, when united with pure yellow or red "sulphur", it formed gold; but by the imposition of various impure qualities it formed the so-called base metals.

As fragmentary as the foregoing exegesis is, it embodies, nevertheless, the doctrine that everything "endowed with a particular apparent quality possesses a hidden opposite quality." This, then, is a glimpse of Proteus in nature, a hint of the One manifesting in the All. Until we, the many, find some system leading toward a conception of Proteus, this world will remain for us a world of rinds, a "shadow-world."

G. M. W. K.

V

The average person, upon reading the title to this series, would be likely to exclaim: "Why, the fellow is crazy; he must be a 'crank',—a Christian-Scientist, or something equally queer!" If such a remark be assumed to represent the attitude of *the world* toward a magazine venturing to publish an article so entitled, members of The Theosophical Society can safely comfort themselves with the thought: "So much the better for the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY!"

The idea that this world of sense is unreal or illusory, is utterly foreign to the method of thought, and attitude toward life, of the Western world, owing to its traditional habit of regarding earthly life as a separate existence, with no belief in Karma and Re-incarnation. Through identification of self with the body, the majority are deeply immersed in the materiality of the physical world, and in the meshes and enchantments of the psychic world. This wrong self-identification colours their thoughts and aspirations towards higher things; and this condition has been intensified in recent years as a result of the mad haste to be "up-to-date", in a religious sense, by trying to keep pace with the rapid advances in scientific knowledge. The wonderful "discoveries" of modern science have, for the most part, merely amplified and elaborated the details of life in this world of effects, have afforded men new play-things with which to indulge the desire for sensation, and, at the same time, have tended to intensify the already over-developed sense of separateness from, and of superiority to, the simple-minded folk who were so unfortunate as to have lived in an age previous to this one of "marvellous progress". Deluded by the notion that the manifested world is real, men have become accustomed to mistaking the shadow for the substance, the effect for the Cause. Small wonder, then, that there has been complete misunderstanding

of such statements of the Christian Master as: "My kingdom is not of this world", and "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, . . . but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven"; and of the Apostle, St. Paul: "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal". In these statements an effort was made to lift man to a vantage-point above his ordinary consciousness, from which he could begin to understand the impermanence of everything on the plane of manifestation, and to awaken him to a realization of the true Self, as distinguished from the false, or personal self. It was a part of the immemorial effort of the Lodge to enable man to distinguish between the Real and the unreal, and so to gain some understanding of one of the three fundamental propositions set forth in the Proem of *The Secret Doctrine*, i.e., "The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Oversoul, and the obligatory pilgrimage for every soul, through the cycle of Incarnation, or Necessity, in accordance with Cyclic and Karmic Law." Liberation of mankind from this illusion of separateness, and from bondage to the "Wheel of Re-birth", has been the aim and object of the Lodge for ages past. To encourage man in his effort to attain this liberation, it has been revealed that a knowledge of the Real world exists and is obtainable; but also that it can be acquired only through experience, by experiment,—through an actual contact with the Causal world, which will result in a loosening of the hold of this world of "shadows" and reflections. The old Hindu teaching was that all that is subject to change and decay is unreal, and that that alone is Reality which is changeless and eternal. Poets, saints and mystics have gained glimpses of this Real world, but through veils which have hidden and shrouded in mystery the face-to-face knowledge which has been gained by the Seers, the Men of Wisdom, who have learned that: "By a veil as of gold, the face of the Real is hidden."

Have there not been occasions, when we have been lifted, if only momentarily, above the plane of the ordinary consciousness of self-centred existence by some great crisis in our own lives or in the world at large? Some of us have been privileged to attend Annual Conventions of The Theosophical Society, where we were taken to heights from which we were able to glimpse the beauty, the glory, the majesty of the Real world, and at the same time made to realize that the world in which we had lived until then was but an imitation, or "shadow". Had we searched deeply for the causes underlying this experience, we should have understood that only as we transcend the plane of our ordinary consciousness can we see truly the objects on that plane. What, then, do we mean by the term, "shadow-world";—what is it that casts the shadow? Theosophical literature speaks of the triad, "Consciousness, Force, Substance". Even as the "created universe" is the product of Divine Mind, Ideation, or Consciousness, projected by it upon the physical plane, and, owing to the limitations of that plane, but an imperfect image of Reality,—so do we, in our turn, project "shadows" upon "shadows" by means of the same divine power which brought the universe into being, but by a perverted use of that power. The result is that we are surrounded

by "shadows"; and by continuing to compare one "shadow" with another, we come to regard them as real, and their true nature is not revealed until we rise above them to a higher plane of consciousness, whence we can see them for what they really are. Then we perceive that they are an imperfect and faint representation, an indistinct image of the Reality, having no permanence; we may perhaps have learned also that it is possible for us to constitute ourselves mirrors of Reality, in which true reflections can be found.

How strange in the ears of the Western world sound the words of the Ancient Wisdom, as revealed, for example, in the *Crest Jewel of Wisdom;* yet how true they ring in the ears of students of Theosophy, who have reason to believe,—nay, for some of us, to be convinced of their truth, to the point of putting them to the test of experience: "When the true Self of stainless radiance is concealed, the man, deluded, thinks of the body, which is not the Self, as 'I' . . . . As a cloud wreath, brought into being by the sun's shining, spreads and conceals the sun, so the personal self, which comes into being through the Self, spreads and conceals the true Self". When, weighted down with the darksome toils of this "shadow-world", and seemingly unable to free ourselves from the meshes of self-induced illusion, let us take heart and gain new inspiration and strength from the beautiful lines of the poet of old:

"Each speck of matter, did He constitute
"A mirror, causing each one to reflect
"The beauty of His visage. From the rose
"Flashed forth His beauty, and the nightingale,
"Beholding it, loved madly . . .
"Where'er thou seest a veil,
"Beneath that veil He hides."

H.

VI

Most normal children instinctively rebel when some wise and experienced grown-up tells them: "You cannot have your cake and eat it." Somehow they know that this ought not to be so—though the argument is all against them when the cake is eaten. In a certain sense the child is right; his instinct is a true instinct. Anything so nice as cake, should not, must not, cease to be, simply because it is eaten up. Yet if he eats the particular cake set before him, it is gone. What is wrong?

The wrong is that some people insist that pieces of cake on the table or in the mouth, are the only reality in cake. The child, "trailing clouds of glory," senses a higher, more enduring, reality. He feels that there is something wrong with a world in which the good things vanish; and one cannot dissuade him from the belief that somewhere in the Universe there is cake which is not perpetually exhausted, an equivalent of immortality among cakes, with twelve baskets full, always left over, no matter what happens. Because he is a child, he has not adjusted his scales of reality, nor worked out the inter-

relation between differing degrees of relative realities. Under the influence of "practical" older minds, he usually learns to discard, at last, the instinctive sense of inner realities, and becomes converted to the acceptance of "hard facts." The practical people, in his case, probably are mothers with strictly defined budget-allowances for cake. Their sense of reality is virtually limited to a logical relation between so many dollars and so many cakes, or so many children and so many cakes. The practical problem becomes acute on birthdays, when an extra-special cake graces the board, when psychic appetites are stimulated, and when the last doctor's bill curtailed a summer vacation. So when Master William Greedy wants to plunge right in, he hears the same old kill-joy remark: "Remember, dear, you cannot have your cake and eat it."

For many years—no, for countless incarnations, Willie has struggled with this problem. Cakes (and other things, of course, for cakes are just a symbol) come and go endlessly; the idea of cake, however, remains, and perhaps the desire therefor. Gradually, though slowly, a new comprehension is borne in upon his maturing consciousness. He incarnates, let us say, in Egypt, and cakes are eaten to celebrate his advent. He acquires early a taste for Egyptian cakes himself, eats many thousands, some really well cooked, and some indifferently, until the cake habit may be said to be fully formed. But his Egyptian experience introduced some valuable additional elements. When his family or friends died, he attended solemn funeral feasts, and there consumed special cakes—which tasted the same, and were often very good, but which, because of their setting and associations, somehow seemed different, and acquired a new significance. When he died, with several thousand cakes to his credit, and his body, beautifully mummified, lay with a supply of cakes at hand to support his famished spirit in another world, his friends ate their quota of funeral cakes, and thought of him, mournfully or joyfully (according to their temperament), as eating cakes with Osiris. After a while he is born in Palestine. Here there is a great variety of cakes, made out of anything that would in any way lend itself to that end, some of them (*pace* Pythagoras) even being made from beans. But again, the Jews knew that there was a God and another world; they knew that "All things come of thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee." So there were days on end when no man durst eat so much as a crumb of cake; the first dough of the new harvest was made into a cake, and offered as a heave-offering to the Lord of all cakes (Num. xv. 20); and the pentecostal cakes, and peace- and trespass-offerings, called "the bread of their God", were placed on the altar, and like the shew-bread ("bread of the presence", also cakes) could be eaten only by the priests. Cakes had by now risen above the domain of things solely devised to minister to his well-being and delectation, and had begun to take on a universal significance. The idea of cake as symbolizing the inner world, the world of departed spirits, the world of the Lord of Hosts, had taken root. In a sense the cakes one ate, and so lost, were less real than the cakes one took into the other world or which came out of the inner world, as when on a memorable occasion in "a desert place apart," five thousand men were filled.

But in Kali Yuga it is hard to learn and to remember these things,—even a King must be scolded for permitting cakes to be burned; while another King, Louis XIV, *le grand monarque*, had daily for his dinner, we are told, "four plates of various soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a large plate full of salad, mutton *au jus et à l'ail*, two large slices of ham, a plateful of pastry, and then fruit *and cakes*." This was his average diet. On Fridays and fast days, when he was obliged to "*manger gras*", he "was content only to have *des croutes*, a *potage aux pigeons*, and three roasted chickens, and the next day the same, *les croutes*, a *potage* with a fowl, three roasted chickens, of which, as on Friday, he ate four wings, all the breasts and a leg, with *some cakes*."

After similar accumulated experiences, Mr. William incarnates in such a way as to lead him into the Theosophical fold, probably with an impaired digestion. He comes to realize that he has consumed millions of cakes, which seemed real enough when he ate them, but which to-day are no more than shadows, no more than unsubstantial dreams compared with, first of all, his abiding idea of cake, and second, with that which cake was intended to be. For physical cakes are but a projection on the plane of matter of that which lay in the mind of the man who invented or made them, which, in its turn, was a projection of that spiritual consciousness, or being, which endowed mind itself with life.

Cakes, then, are real enough in their own place and on the physical plane; but that reality virtually ceases by means of so simple an act as eating. The idea of cake remains, however, when individual cakes have ceased to be. This idea, in its turn, has only a relative reality; for just as a given cake could dissolve in the mouth, so a given idea of cake can dissolve in the mind, for the thing we call cake to-day, with numerous varieties, has little relation to the cakes of ancient Palestine and Egypt. Moreover, cakes are a symbol, for as Philo wrote: "This is the teaching of the hierophant and prophet, Moses, who means to say: 'This is the bread, the food [manna] which God hath given to the soul' [a gloss on Ex. xiv. 15], for He hath given for meat and drink, His own Word [ῥῆμα], His own Reason [λόγος], for this is the bread which He has given us to eat; this is the Word."[5] We discover that: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"; and the man who lives by the Word of God, sees physical bread as but the shadow of a shadow. For Philo also wrote that the whole creation is "God's shadow", and "The shadow of God is his Word which He used like an instrument when He was creating the world. And this shadow, and, as it were, model, is the archetype of other things. For, as God is Himself the model of that image which He has now called a shadow, so also that image is the model of other things. . . . There is also a more perfect and purified kind of philosopher, who has been initiated into the great mysteries, and who does not distinguish the cause from the things

[5] *Alleg. of Sacred Laws*, III, sec. lxi.

created as he would distinguish an abiding body from a shadow, but who, having emerged from all created objects, receives a clear and manifest notion of the great uncreated, so that he comprehends Him through Himself, and comprehends His shadow, too, so as to understand what it is, and His Logos, too, and this universal world. . . . For the images which are presented to the sight in executed things are subject to dissolution; but those which are presented in the One Uncreate may last for ever, being durable, eternal, and unchangeable." This may be compared with a passage in *The Secret Doctrine:* "Maya or illusion is an element which enters into all finite things, for everything that exists has only a relative, not an absolute, reality, since the appearance which the hidden noumenon assumes for any observer depends upon his power of cognition. To the untrained eye of the savage, a painting is at first an unmeaning confusion of streaks and daubs of colour, while an educated eye sees instantly a face or a landscape. Nothing is permanent except the one hidden absolute existence which contains in itself the noumena of all realities. The existences belonging to every plane of being, up to the highest Dhyan-Chohans, are in degree, of the nature of shadows cast by a magic lantern on a colourless screen; but all things are relatively real, for the cognizer is also a reflection, and the things cognized are therefore as real to him as himself. Whatever reality things possess must be looked for in them before or after they have passed like a flash through the material world; but we cannot cognize any such existence directly, so long as we have sense-instruments which bring only material existence into the field of our consciousness. Whatever plane our consciousness may be acting in, both we and the things belonging to that plane are, for the time being, our only realities. As we rise in the scale of development we perceive that during the stages through which we have passed we mistook shadows for realities, and the upward progress of the Ego is a series of progressive awakenings, each advance bringing with it the idea that now, at last, we have reached 'reality'; but only when we shall have reached the absolute Consciousness, and blended our own with it, shall we be free from the delusions produced by Maya."[6]

A. G.

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[6] *The Secret Doctrine*, 1st ed., (1888), I, pp. 39–40.

In the present life he is sunk in sleep, and conversant with the delusion of dreams.—PLATO.

BEGINNINGS

MANY a visitor to the New York Branch meetings has been heard to say as he took his seat in the studio: "How peaceful—unlike any other place in town!" That comment always freshens the memory of my own first T. S. meeting—when I said the very words repeated since then by many another. What contrast with the mauling crowds of the subway, possessed by their elementals, and struggling, as swine do around the trough, for a more advantageous foothold! What relief from the hideous sights and sounds of the street! In that gracious and courteous assembly, my own hurrying, harried, scatter-brained personality—a veritable part of the mob—began to slink away, while something altogether new began to expand within me, evoked by the aspiration and prayers that have accumulated in that neighbourhood since the day when H. P. B. earned her bread and butter by making paper flowers in a house on the other side of Washington Square.

It was a feeling that here, at last, were friends,—not college fraternity-house friends nor intrusive "good mixers", but disinterested and understanding friends. They let you alone, if isolation was what you wanted, or if on the other hand, you had questions to be answered or sought sympathetic companionship, they came forward to satisfy the demand. Before long, that feeling as to friends, became a conviction that this was "home"; and then when doubts and fears were silenced, and one actually said to himself: "and I belong"—well, one had turned from the dusty roadway and had entered a garden.

At first, Theosophy had been of intellectual interest only. Though its hypotheses did seem to bring order out of a world otherwise chaotic, yet those hypotheses were not susceptible of proof. Time passed; speakers and writers contributed each his small beam toward the white light of truth, until, even through my clouds of ignorance, there began to dawn a realization that these people actually believed and lived exactly as they spoke and wrote. The serenity and graciousness that had first impressed me, began to appear as by-products of right living—of a life regulated by theosophical ethics —rather than as ends in themselves. That the theosophical philosophy was not measurable by the yard-stick of my college-acquired science, troubled me less and less: it meant only that the limitations of science had been overcome. Science has its own field, that of the temporal,—the kaleidoscopic world of matter with its perpetual cycles of combination, breakdown, and recombination. Around that field of science, ever-changing, lies the real world, permanent, beautiful, true—the Celestial City of the poets and saints, the goal of all humanity, though as yet so few know of its existence, and that every man can reach it, if he will but make consistent effort.

From that real world lying all about us, rays of light penetrate into our

world of the shadow—poetry is one such ray, painting another, and still others are the heroic sacrifices made by man when inspired from above with love for God or for his fellows. Such rays may shoot across one's darkness or may shine there with some permanence, but until the man has definitely set his face toward the celestial country, he cannot know what those beneficent lights really are. He judges them to be merely "in better taste" than the garish illuminations of the street. Gradually one becomes aware that within himself there exists a state of disturbance and discontent: one part of the dual nature is drawn toward the source whence issue the rays, and the lower self is willing to acquiesce in such a movement provided it be not itself molested in its "right to enjoy" the sensations offered by the world of shadows. Shall a state of war be declared? That a truce should continue is impossible, and a crisis is approached. The lower self, a coward and pacifist, dreads to precipitate a fight, because of the allies that may be drawn to coöperate with the higher nature.

How the fight at last gets launched has been told over and over. Without Krishna's urging, Arjuna might never have risen from the chariot floor. Botticelli, in his illustrations for the *Divine Comedy*, shows that even in Paradise, Beatrice has to lift Dante upon the ladder which of himself he seems unwilling to climb. At some point, there occurs a revulsion against the tyranny of the lower nature, as Ulysses at last turned from the nymph Calypso for whom, through so many years, he had hankered. In their compassion, the Divine Powers seem to magnify the small degree of volition prompting that revulsion, as, rushing to the aid of the prodigal, Pallas Athene (Divine Wisdom) dispatched Hermes (Reason) to guide Ulysses, and Beatrice (Divine Wisdom) gave Virgil (Reason) to be a guide to Dante.

Everywhere there now spring up witnesses beckoning to the path and aiding us toward the Gates of Gold. For the law of the new country seems to be "Give". In "the world", our material wealth is diminished when shared, but true wealth of the spirit seems, on the contrary, to increase when divided: "the more there are who say 'ours', the more of good there is for all" (Dante). The T. S., through its Founders and Continuators, *gives*, continually. Even beginners must therefore learn to *give*, and in order to *give*, they must have possessions. We must, consequently, "desire possessions above all. But those possessions must belong to the pure soul only, and be possessed therefore by all pure souls equally, and thus be the especial property of the whole only when united".

MINIMUS.

THE SELF AND THE EGO

LÉON DAUDET is best known as the associate of Charles Maurras in the royalist movement of the *Action Française*. Nevertheless, he is only incidentally a politician, for he is temperamentally as versatile as a man of the Renaissance, and is quite incapable of considering any subject with indifference. He approves and disapproves with enthusiasm, for he is a true child of that Provence which was so loved by his father, Alphonse Daudet. He investigates things with equal pertinacity, whether he admires or detests them, intending upon each problem a mind fashioned and refined by his manifold experiences as physician, critic, novelist, journalist, parliamentarian, orator, conversationalist.

Moreover, in spite of so many external concerns, Daudet has found time to study himself. He has cultivated, with courage and detachment, the rare art of introspection. Using self-knowledge as a basis, he has gone farther, and has examined the general properties of consciousness as revealed by the actions and the speech of mankind. Finally, he has undertaken the *rôle* of a philosopher, correlating and interpreting the data thus collected.

In a volume of philosophical studies, *The Heredo and the World of Images*,[1] he develops a curious theory concerning the influence of heredity upon personal consciousness. The ideas, which are given definite form in this book, are the product of a long process of thought and have already found expression in his novels, notably in the charming romance of Provençal magic, *Un Jour d'Orage*. Although the theory contains many provocative and dubious factors, it is notable as an effort to interpret life in terms of consciousness. It is a commentary upon the present state of psychology, that such an effort should appear to be revolutionary.

For Daudet, psychology is properly the science of consciousness. He goes further, practically affirming that it is the key science upon which depends the proper understanding of the others. The physical sciences study the interrelations of forms and numbers, but form and number are emanations or attributes of consciousness. Consciousness is prior to form. It is the moulder of form, the "weaver of vestures", as an Eastern sage has said. Our physical organism is, according to Daudet, only the outermost expression of our will, imagination and desire, and it is within our power to dominate the apparently automatic movements of the body by transforming the psychic mould which is the pattern of the body.

"Every organic disorder", he writes, "has a psycho-moral origin. By the correction of the psycho-moral trouble, we shall be able to conquer certain

[1] *Œuvre Philosophique: L'Hérédo; Le Monde des Images*, by Léon Daudet; Nouvelle Librairie Nationale, Paris, 1925.

organic diseases considered to be incurable. It is not true that the body rules the mind. It is the mind which rules the body and which can, on occasion, transform it" (pp. 165–166). Elsewhere he speaks of the human body as a collection of organic projections or "prolongations" of psychic images (p. 306). The psychic and the physical are related to each other as the positive and negative poles of a single substance.

The ethical and spiritual implications of this view of consciousness are still more significant. If the mind be the lord of the body, it cannot be pretended that the moral state of a man is simply the passive reflection of his bodily condition. Daudet devotes many pages to vehement denunciation of the theories of Lombroso and others who affirm that criminology is a branch of organic pathology. There can be little doubt that some criminals have been apparently "reformed" by surgical operations. But if the physical malformation, which seemed to be the seat of a moral disorder, was originally produced by a psychic deformity, it appears extremely probable that the psychic deformity has not been removed with its "organic prolongation." We may assume that it is still present as a cause of trouble and that it will tend to generate a new "organic prolongation" of itself as a vehicle for its expression on the physical plane. Moreover, a centre of moral disease is a focus of destructive force, which will react upon and begin to decompose the "psychic body", when it is denied a free outlet through the channels of the physical body. There are worse things in this world than symptoms. They enable the wise diagnostician to discover the existence of some psychic congestion which would otherwise be undiscernible, and they provide objective evidence that Nature is at work purging the interior consciousness of its evil "humours".

Therefore, the physical treatment of moral disease is of lasting value only if it be supplemented by an ethical and spiritual purification which sterilizes the inner cause of the disease, and not merely one or another of its external symptoms. "The multitude of moral idiots, who have believed themselves to be the victims of fatality, ought to realize that it is possible for them to triumph over their confused heredity, with the assistance of a proper 'psychoplastic' training, and with the aid of reason" (p. 32).

The consciousness which moulds the body is seldom guided by a single purpose. Daudet restates a fact with which students of Theosophy are familiar, that the personality moves back and forth between a higher and a lower pole, between the spiritual centre of Buddhi and the animal centre of Kama. There results from this condition a persistent impression of duality in the nature, of a constant struggle between divine and demoniacal forces. "Psychoplastic training" has the objective of unifying the consciousness through the progressive purification of our personal motives and concerns. When that process is completed, the personality will no longer distinguish between its desires and the divine will. "For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."

Daudet designates the two protagonists of the inner warfare the Self (*le soi*) and the Ego (*le moi*). "The Ego is the physical and moral mass of the

individual, including his inherited qualities. The Self is the essence of the human personality disengaged from its inherited qualities through their elimination, their equilibrium or their fusion, constituting an original and new being which is recognized as such by the consciousness. The Ego is a composite vesture. The Self is a stuff of a single piece, if not of a single thread" (p. 13).

He sharpens the definition of the Self by specifying some of its properties which enter in some degree into the experience of everyone who has ever known a lucid moment. "I distinguish in it at least three elements: the creative impulse or initiative, acting on the plane of the intellect or of the senses; then, what I shall call, for lack of a better term, the tension of the will (*le tonus du vouloir*); and finally, a state of equilibrium, which tends to induce inner harmony and wisdom. The creative impulse is at once the highest expression of the Self and the supreme 'moment' of the Ego's dissociation and dispersion. The hero who, in the full possession of his faculties, immolates himself for his country, the novelist or the dramatist who gives life to some masterpiece, the scientist who lays bare a law of nature, . . . all make manifest their Self through the sacrifice and the partition of the Ego. They conquer by giving themselves. . . . It is a wealth invested in those who merit it by their effort, this effort resulting from the tonicity of the will which is, as it were, the permanent tension of the Self that precedes and makes possible the act of will. One is conscious of it when one closes one's eyes and imagines with intensity some end to be attained, some problem to be solved, some energy to be expended. . . . Intellectual and moral equilibrium or poise is the proper state of the human being. . . . As the needle of the compass turns to the north, so human reason seeks equilibrium, the condition of inner happiness. It does not attain it always; indeed, it rarely attains it. But the quest itself originates with the Self and returns to the Self" (p. 19–20).

On the other hand, the Ego is "the transmissible and modifiable element of the personality" (p. 2). It is the negative, passive, plastic aspect of our nature. It is the reservoir of mental and bodily habits.

We now come to Daudet's peculiar theory of heredity. "In the Ego", he says, "sleeps the line of our family, like a series of portraits piled up in the dark, each portrait being related, trait for trait, to some corresponding part of our individual nature. When a sense-impression illumines a fragment of our consciousness, the corresponding fragment of our heredity vibrates and lights up in turn, with a surrounding territory more or less extensive and clear, according to the intensity of the shock. Behind our own reaction we discern, after some introspective attention, the reaction of an ancestor or of a line of ancestors. Thus, for a brief instant, a fragment of an inherited form is animated, and this form can be completed by subsequent sense-impressions of the same kind" (pp. 28–29).

According to Daudet, a very large part of our ordinary consciousness consists of the *débris* of these inherited elements (*heredisms*). This explains the strange title of his book. "I call a man an *heredo*, when his Ego is victorious

over the Self." He adds: "The measure of the defeat of the Self, is the measure of the heredo's degree of curability. But no heredo, however complete his failure, should despair of being cured" (p. 166).

The struggle between the Self and the Ego is conceived as the effort of the individual soul to dominate its psychic and physical heritage. The good elements must be separated from the evil, and the evil must be rejected, but even the good must be handled with care. For it is the nature of heredisms to act automatically and subconsciously, and there is no merit in being good only because one's ancestors were good.

Therefore, the more decent qualities which we may inherit, must be consciously exercised, subjected to reason and to the spiritual will. The heroic personality is characterized by the spirit of high adventure (*le risque noble*). It lives perpetually in an atmosphere of risk, counting each successive conquest as a preliminary to a greater victory.

The Ego is to be regarded as the raw material which the Self uses in its work of creation. The reasoning power of the Self should attract towards its centre the good and beneficent elements of the Ego, and should repel the others. Seeking an image to illustrate this idea, Daudet finds a correspondence between the motions of our mind-images and the motions of the heavenly bodies. In a language reminiscent of Pythagorean astronomy, he writes that our states of consciousness "constitute psychic spheres, accompanied by satellites, and themselves grouped in systems, like the stars and constellations. Systems and spheres gravitate before the Self. . . . It governs them freely" (p. 167). According to the degree of our personal attachment to the Self, will be the measure of the harmony and order of our imagination. The perfected man is, as it were, a microcosm of the firmament.

The Self, however, does not act directly upon the Ego. "The Self wishes and decides to create. The instrument of creation, both corporal and intellectual, is the instinct of personal desire (*l'instinct génésique*). But this is an imperfect servant who plots and contrives dangerous rebellions against his lord. In every epoch, these revolts have nourished the romantic and dramatic qualities in literature. There is nothing in fact more tragic than the assaults of animal instinct upon reason and than its frequent victories over reason. The creative impulse of the Self is sane and rational. The instinct of desire, left to itself, is destructive" (p. 60).

Daudet points out that desire awakens and revivifies the elements of the Ego, expanding them and scattering them across the field of consciousness. The imagination is stimulated and enriched, and the man of genius knows how to take real advantage of this enhancement of his psychic powers. He is able to carry out, in greater or less degree, the purpose of the Self, because he dominates the sentiment of desire which is properly the vehicle of that purpose. Like Krishna, in the *Bhagavad Gîta*, he puts forth his creation, yet remains separate.

Unfortunately, the average mortal makes little effort to retain and to express the purpose of the Self. He sinks into self-identification with the

successive metamorphoses of his Ego. Drifting into a sort of trance, "he is inhabited and governed by his father or mother or some other ancestor" (p. 29). Thus he loses control over the motives of his acts, for in a sense those motives are no longer his, but belong to the creatures who obsess him and who vampirize him, even transferring to themselves his sense of identity. In other words, he acts irresponsibly and automatically, as if he obeyed the dictates of a hypnotist. He is not an individual but a changing complex.

Daudet has promised to concentrate, in another work, upon the ethical solution of the problems which he has proposed. An honest man must admit that Daudet's description of the symptoms of the average personality fits the facts. But what are we going to do about it? Daudet's explicit answer to that question is awaited. Meanwhile, he makes certain suggestions.

He finds in the arts, especially in literature, a memorial of the warfare between the Self and the Ego. "Art and science, like literature, are of low or high degree, according as the victory of the Self which they register is more or less brilliant or manifest" (p. 165).

His emphasis upon the significance of great art becomes intelligible in the light of his theory of "elimination". The Self conquers the Ego by eliminating its ancestral elements. The Self becomes visible as the object of personal aspiration, through the removal of the detritus of heredisms which buries it from view. The Self is like a reef unperceived until it appears above the receding tide.

The great artist spends his life in the work of elimination. He does not wait until the ordinary activity of Nature revivifies the forces of his Ego. He deliberately calls them from the vasty deep by the magic of sound and colour. Through the exercise of a sympathetic but disciplined imagination, he endows them with his own life. Then, drawing back that life into himself, he exorcises what he has evoked and thereby permanently frees himself from whole systems of heredisms which would otherwise have continued automatically to govern his actions. He gives himself, in order to detach himself. But in the process he has left in space and time a document of experience as unique as his own individuality. He has created, after the image of Cosmic Nature which alternately expands and contracts its powers according to cyclic laws.

Daudet gives as an example the "organic development" of Shakespeare's characters. "They have a spontaneity comparable to that of Nature. Their sentiments, once planted, germinate and grow in accordance with a cadence that is copied from reality. This cadence was necessarily in Shakespeare. It could only come from the perpetual formation within himself of beings and events with their characters and traits, and with their moral and material development. He was a haunted chamber, a museum of reanimated family portraits. His dramatic composition released him from all these family forms, which were no sooner conceived than they were fixed, and which were always seized at their *apogée* of intensity and beauty. His ancestors brought him diversity and force. He gave them splendour . . . Having lyrically

abandoned himself to his familiar demons, the master dominates and withdraws himself" (pp. 52–53).

The reviewer has so far refrained from introducing his own interpretations into this exposition, however incomplete and fragmentary, of the general outlines of Daudet's book. But it is obvious that Daudet's ideas demand a commentary. A student of Theosophy reflecting upon them, finds much that is stimulating and inspiring, but much also that appears like a rather blurred reflection of theosophical doctrines. One ventures to regret that Daudet shows no familiarity with Indian metaphysics, or with certain ancient Greek philosophical traditions which bear directly upon the questions which he is considering.

Take, for example, his conception of heredity. Students of Theosophy are acquainted with the "ancestral traits" which actuate so many of our thoughts and acts and which he calls "heredisms". They are the *skandhas* of Buddhist psychology, the "bundles" of finite attributes which "unite at the birth of man and constitute his personality" (*Theosophical Glossary*, p. 280).

It is a fact of experience that when we identify ourselves with a desire or emotion of the mind or body, we generate a dynamic mind-image or "elemental" in which a definite portion of our personal consciousness is imprisoned and isolated. Our lower nature is composed of systems of dynamic mind-images. By virtue of the consciousness which we have attributed to these elementals, each of them becomes, in a certain sense, an independent "life" having its own desires and volitions. Thus we find ourselves impelled to repeat the mental and physical acts with which we have at any time merged our sense of identity. For instance, if someone listening to jazz responds to the rattle of his nerves by saying, "This racket thrills me", it will most probably not be long before he will again be listening to jazz, in quest of another thrill. The point is not that he should have no awareness of the noise in his vicinity, but that he is deliberately identifying himself with a certain complex of psycho-physical reactions. He cannot do this without fashioning an elemental out of his own life and substance, and without losing control of the creature which he has made. Thenceforth, he will carry with him, wherever he goes, the seed of a desire which will automatically tend to germinate in action whenever conditions make this possible, and often when he least expects or intends it.

As Daudet suggests, the seeds of desires survive the death of the body. The mind of the infant is not absolutely empty, as Locke pretended. On the contrary, it is full of all sorts of tendencies towards various kinds of action. Daudet attributes these tendencies to the ancestors whose desires and illusions are reborn in the Ego of the infant. A student of Theosophy believes that the facts are most clearly explained by the Buddhist doctrine of the *skandhas*. In other words, he offers the hypothesis of reincarnation.

After all, it is hardly just that one soul, newly made by the hand of God, should be born in a family of wise and holy folk, while another soul should

be obliged by a divine whim to accept as physical ancestors a long line of rogues and morons. If such be the nature of things, Calvin's notion of predestination to bliss or damnation can scarcely be very wide of the mark.

If we adopt Daudet's premise that consciousness is the root-substance of existence, it is illogical to postulate that consciousness has either beginning or end, for its being is not conditioned by the forms which it creates. However, Daudet professes the official Catholic doctrine that the individual Self is immortal in the future, but that it has no being before the birth of the physical body. "At each birth", he writes, "something new intervenes, which is of the order of a special creation" (p. 327). But how can a thing be endless and not also beginningless?

The great schools of philosophical mysticism have always taught that the individual Self is eternal because it is identical in essence with the Universal Self or God. In the doctrine of the Neoplatonists, the individual Self was defined as a mode of the Self-consciousness of God. Students of Theosophy, adopting this metaphysical postulate, have correlated it with the view that the individual Self reincarnates many times on Earth in a series of bodily vestures.

Although the doctrine of reincarnation is most closely identified with the great systems of Indian thought, it was by no means limited to the East in ancient times. Among the philosophers of Greece, Pythagoras and Plato clearly taught it, and there is evidence that it was an integral part of the mysterious theology of the Egyptians. It is significant that most Christian Neoplatonists have believed in pre-existence, if not in reincarnation. The celebrated theologian, Origen of Alexandria (185–254 A.D.), asserted that "our course is marked out according to our works before this life", nor were his teachings definitely accounted heretical until the Council of Constantinople in A.D. 551.[2] Incidentally, the hypothesis of reincarnation has been revived as a psychological theory in recent years by a thinker who certainly has not borrowed his ideas from the religions of the Orient (cf. *Human Immortality and Pre-existence*, by Dr. J. Ellis McTaggart, Fellow and Lecturer in Trinity College, Cambridge).

Believing in the eternal essence of the individual Self, in reincarnation, and in Karma or divine justice, a student of Theosophy cannot accept Daudet's notion that our "heredisms" are merely the products of our ancestry, unless we include our own past lives as the most important factors of our ancestry. The consciousness and force which we put into any dynamic mind-image is our own consciousness and force, an emanation of our Selves, and we cannot conceivably separate ourselves from it without undergoing a kind of annihilation. Therefore, if we have not reclaimed our lost substance before our physical death, the *skandhas* in which it is imprisoned will act as a magnet drawing us back into earth-life.

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[2] *Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers:* Ser. 2, Vol. XIV, pp. 318–320. In spite of the anathema, Origen has always had his defenders in the Roman Church. Pope Leo III inserted passages from his works in the Roman Breviary.

This does not imply that racial and family traits have no existence. On the contrary, they may be said to provide the psychic atmosphere from which the elemental *reliquiæ* of our dead personalities draw the necessary material to weave anew for themselves the forms proper to their natures. The Self is thus brought into contact, through incarnation, not only with the *skandhas* of the past personal existences which it has overshadowed, but also with the *skandhas* of the family and race to which its present body belongs. In many instances, it is probable that the family and the race are more important than the individual soul as moulders and determinants of the personality. There are creatures masquerading in human shape, of whom it is aptly said that they have no souls of their own. Such creatures are like animals, for they have not succeeded in really individualizing the consciousness of their species. Daudet's theories may be applied quite literally to these people and, in greater or less degree, they may be applied to every incarnation. Individuality is not a state of isolation but a phase of universal life. Every man's "private" Karma is inextricably interwoven with the Karma of his family, his nation and his race. There is no contradiction between the doctrine of individual reincarnation and the recognition of the essential oneness or brotherhood of all souls. "Heredity in giving us a body in any family provides the appropriate environment for the Ego.[3] The Ego goes only into the family which either completely answers to its own nature, or which gives an opportunity for the working out of its evolution, and which is also connected with it by reasons of past incarnations or causes mutually set up. . . . When we look at the characters in human bodies, great inherent differences are seen. This is due to the soul inside, who is suffering or enjoying in the family, nation and race his own thoughts and acts which past lives have made it inevitable he should incarnate with. . . . The limitations imposed on the Ego by any family heredity are exact consequences of that Ego's prior lives" (W. Q. Judge: *The Ocean of Theosophy*, pp. 72–73).

Daudet has described human life as a state of war between the individual Self and the Ego or false self. As we have seen, he compares the triumph of the Self to the attainment of the creative artist who gives his own life-force to vivify his ancestral elements and who then eliminates them from his personality by withdrawing the life which he has given.

The analogy is vivid and attractive, but also dangerous. Only the greatest artists have been "creators", in the sense suggested by Daudet, for the reason that only a great soul can evoke the native forces of the lower nature without grave peril to itself. Daudet notes how easy it is for a person, who has talent but not genius, to play the ignominious *rôle* of a "sorcerer's apprentice". He starts his imagination and cannot stop it, finally losing himself in a jungle of elemental growths.

It is obvious that no one can detach himself from a thing to which he has given himself, unless part of his personal consciousness has been really detached

[3] It should be noted that Mr. Judge does not give to the term, Ego, the same qualification as Daudet. He was referring to the Self as the incarnating principle.

all the time. The great soul alone can safely expend its powers in the deliberate evocation of the elementals of its past lives, for a great soul is so committed to truth that it does not readily fall in love with creatures which it recognizes as mirrors of illusion.

It has been said that the Self-conscious soul constitutes a real personality in contrast to the unreal personality which is a mere congeries of the powers that make up the lower nature. The first task of the neophyte is clearly to develop within himself the germ of this real personality. To do that, he does not have to begin by trying to evoke all his "personal devils" at once. Let him start more humbly by working first to get rid of the elementals which do not need to be evoked for they are already present.

Creation on the lower and outer planes may be regarded less as an end in itself, than as a phenomenon incidental to the growth of the soul in Self-consciousness. Plato seems to have had such an idea in mind, when he sought to eliminate every form of dilettantism from his ideal commonwealth. In *The Republic* no one is allowed to "create" until he can definitely prove that he has acquired a real character which can stand the strain of the creative force.

Daudet speaks of the elimination of "heredisms" as an objective of the Self in its struggle to dominate the Ego. It may be suggested that this elimination conditions another objective, more significant because it is positive, the reclamation of the life-force which properly belongs to the Self but which has been imprisoned and scattered among the elementals with which we have wrongly identified ourselves. The Self needs the powers of the false personality for the endowment of a true personality.

The Self, acting through a true personality, cannot help creating, as a seed nourished by light and air and earth cannot help growing. The attainment of true personality is made possible, as Daudet says, "through the sacrifice and partition of the Ego", but, above all, the instinct of personal desire, the principle of *Kama*, must be converted into an instrument of aspiration. As the misuse of personal desire is the cause of the triumph of the Ego, so the transformation of personal desire becomes the cause of the triumph of the Self.

The great world-religions have venerated their respective Founders as supreme embodiments of the Self. Students of Theosophy believe that the accomplishment of those great Masters, "the firstborn among many brethren", may be repeated in the history of every soul. They cannot escape such a belief, for it is a corollary of the postulate that every individual Self is an inlet to the whole of the Universal Self, and that it submits to many incarnations upon this planet in order to gain the full realization of its cosmic destiny.

Daudet himself has excellently expressed the mystical doctrine of the One Self: "Every soul contains, in its celestial gamut, the potentiality of all souls, for otherwise compassion and all communion would be impossible" (*Un Jour d'Orage*, p. 238). Such passages occur more frequently in his novels than in his philosophical writings. However, no review of his work would be complete without reference to his remarkable theory concerning the origin and formation of the human species.

He suggests that man is the production of involution rather than of evolution. Referring to the apparent corroboration of Darwinism by the data of embryology, he writes: "I admit that man is an epitome of the Universe, but this epitome is an involving and not an evolving thing. It gives one the impression of being a separate, distinct, exceptional creation, a recast of the whole (*une refonte du tout*). It does not imply the idea that it is the termination of a series of retouchings and improvements" (p. 284).

Daudet's conception seems to be very close to the ancient view of man as the microcosm of the macrocosm. Madame Blavatsky's works are full of allusions to the processes whereby the hierarchies of cosmic powers integrate their powers and their consciousness in man, who thus becomes an image of the Universe. We find an extraordinary uniformity of testimony to such a view of human nature among the students of the occult science of anthropogenesis. For example, there is the saying of Paracelsus that man is the synthesis of the animals.

It is presumed that the evolution and "outbreathing" of the Universe precedes its involution and "inbreathing". There is no contradiction in the thought that evolution, in the proper sense of the word, terminates with the appearance of the varieties of animal life, and that in the human kingdom a process begins which is the direct opposite of evolution or unfolding, and to which we may well give the designation of involution or infolding. The Logos, in which is contained the perfect idea and essence of every creature, was called by the ancients the "Heavenly Man".

It would lead us too far afield to discuss in detail the deductions which Daudet draws from his theory of involution. The most interesting of these are concerned with the reflection of the great rhythms and cycles of Cosmic Nature in the tissues of the human organism where they reappear *en minuscule* as periodicities of function and habit (p. 324, *seq.*). As the body is the mirror of the physical Universe, so the Ego is a psychic replica of the family, of the nation, of the race. So also, one may believe, the individual Self is a unique integration of the spiritual Universe, of God.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

One of our great objects in life should be to learn to pity other people instead of pitying ourselves.—DYOLF.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART V, SECTIONS 11–24

A KING INITIATE AND HIS DISCIPLES

THIS is one of a group of passages in the great Upanishads which are of the highest historical value, since they explicitly declare that the Brahmans learned wisdom from the King Initiates of the Rajputs. It is, indeed, somewhat surprising, and in a way creditable to the Brahmans that, during the many centuries they have been custodians of the sacred books of India, they have never destroyed or even attenuated these evidences of their debt to the royal sages, though these same Brahmans have for centuries claimed pre-eminence for their own caste.

Whether the five "owners of great houses, great in the traditional lore" were Brahmans, we are not explicitly told; they may have been wealthy Vaishyas, since the Vaishyas also were admitted to the traditional teaching of the Aryas. But concerning Uddalaka, son of Aruna, we are fully informed. He was by birth a Brahman, the father of the youthful Shvetaketu, "conceited, vain of his learning, proud," to whom the great Rajput King Pravahana, son of Jivala, addressed a series of perplexing questions, not one of which the Brahman youth was able to answer. Of the youth Shvetaketu we are further told that he had learned by heart the Three Vedas and was able to repeat their verses. But the questions which the King Initiate put to him involved the immemorial Mystery teaching handed down among the Rajputs, centring about the twin doctrines of Liberation and Reincarnation; and of these there is no clear revelation in the hymns of the Three Vedas.

Uddalaka, son of Aruna, proposed to his son Shvetaketu that they should go together to the King to learn wisdom, but Shvetaketu replied that his father might go alone. So the elder Brahman went, and, after being submitted to certain trials, was accepted as a pupil by the King, with the significant words: "This teaching never went to any Brahman before thee, but was among all peoples the teaching of the Kshatriyas alone."

In the present story, Uddalaka plays a part which reminds us of more than one Brahman in the discourses of the Buddha. He is apprehensive that he may be asked questions too hard for him to answer; and it is this apprehension, which he seems to have kept to himself, which inspires in him the thought of going, with his five querents, to the great King Ashvapati, famous for his wisdom and for the admirable state of his kingdom.

Uddalaka and his friends were courteously received by the King; at the same time, they were submitted to a test, just as had happened to Uddalaka when he went as a suppliant to King Pravahana. The King told them that

he was about to celebrate a great sacrificial ceremony, and that he would give each one of them the same gifts that he had prepared for the celebrating priests. But they were not to be drawn aside from their deeper purpose. They said: "With what purpose a man may come, that, verily, let him declare! Declare the Spirit to us!" So, setting aside the proffered gifts, they came to him on the next morning with fuel in their hands, the traditional symbol of the disciple who comes, ready to be enkindled, and asks the Master for light. Then we are told that without subjecting them to the form of acceptance, the King proceeded to teach them. This may mean one of two things: either that he was satisfied by their disinterested desire for wisdom, and therefore thought the ceremony of acceptance unnecessary; or that he did not formally accept them because they were not yet ready for the final teaching concerning Liberation and Reincarnation,—themes which, in fact, he did not touch on.

The King followed the course that is customary in the Orient,—he asked them questions, demanding of each one in turn what, or whom, he reverenced as the Spirit, the supreme Reality. Both questions and answers follow a definite plan, exactly as in one of the shorter Upanishads, where six disciples betake themselves to a Master. The series of questions and the answers of the six querents depict six planes or manifestations of Being, symbolized as the heavens, the sun, the wind, shining ether, the waters, the earth, and generally corresponding to the six manifested Elements, so-called; but the querents have no understanding that these six manifestations are in reality aspects of one Being, the Eternal, the Supreme Brahma.

With lively symbolism, not devoid of humour, the great King Initiate stresses the limitation of their conceptions, telling them that calamity would have befallen them, had they not come to him. The deeper meaning is, that a partial view of the great Life, any view that is circumscribed and limited, inevitably limits and dwarfs the mind and spirit of him who holds it, so that it is not unfitting to call him blind or lame.

A significant phrase is addressed by the King to each questioner: "Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear!" Food is, in the symbolic language of the Upanishads, a general term for experience gained and assimilated. The questioners gained experience; they saw what was dear. But the time had come for them to gain deeper experience, to seek, in the words of Yama the Initiator, not the dearer, but the better, not the pleasant, but the real, the immortal. Therefore, when the King tells his questioners of the Infinite Spirit, the Eternal, he adds that he who rightly knows and reverences that Spirit, "of the measure of a span, yet of infinite extent," eats food in all worlds, among all beings, in all Spirits; his experience begins to be universal, of universal significance.

Then comes the teaching of the Five Breaths, the Five Lives. Here, in graphic images, a profound truth is half-revealed: that the powers made manifest in the celestial bodies and the wide realms of Nature are in reality all powers of the One, the Eternal, the Spirit which is present in all things.

Further, it is taught that these same powers, and all of them, are represented in man, in the perceptive and active powers of his body, in the powers of his mind, in the powers of his inner being, his soul, his Spirit: "When the Forward-breath rejoices, the eye rejoices; when the eye rejoices, the sun rejoices; when the sun rejoices, the heavens rejoice," because the golden thread of unity runs through all these powers; because the powers of man are directly connected not only with the cosmic powers, but, even more, with the divine powers. It is in virtue of this bond that man may awaken to a fuller consciousness of his divine kinship, and inherit the Eternal; entering that world, he shall no more return.

THE SPIRIT AND THE ETERNAL

Prachinashala, son of Upamanyu, Satyayajna, son of Pulusha, Indradyumna, grandson of Bhallava, Jana, son of Sharkaraksha, Budila, son of Ashvatarashva,—these were owners of great houses and great in the traditional lore. Meeting together, they entered into an investigation: What is our Spirit (Atma)? What is the Eternal (Brahma)?

They came to an agreement, saying: Sirs, this Uddalaka, son of Aruna, thoroughly knows this Spirit which is common to all. Let us betake ourselves to him!

They betook themselves to him. But he came to this conclusion: These owners of great houses, great in the traditional lore, will ask me questions, and I may not be able to answer everything. Let me recommend them to another!

So to them he said: Sirs, of a truth King Ashvapati, son of Kekaya, thoroughly knows this Spirit which is common to all. Let us betake ourselves to him!

They betook themselves to him. To them, when they had arrived, to each one of them, he caused due honours to be paid. Rising in the morning, thus he said: In my kingdom there is no thief, nor any avaricious, nor a drinker of spirits, nor one who offers no oblation, nor one without wisdom, nor any man or woman unchaste. Wherefore, Sirs, I am about to make an offering; so much wealth as I shall give to each priest, so much, Sirs, shall I give to you. Sirs, remain here with me!

They said: With what purpose a man may come, that, verily, let him declare! The Spirit, that which is common to all, thou knowest thoroughly. Declare that Spirit to us!

To them he said: In the morning I shall give you an answer. They, verily, came back to him again at the beginning of the day with fuel in their hands. Without subjecting them to the form of acceptance, he spoke to them thus:

Son of Upamanyu, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The heavens, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a Spirit endowed with splendour, common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, in thy family the essence is seen distilled and increased. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear!

He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all. But, said he, this Spirit of thine is only the head of the Spirit. Therefore, thy head would have fallen off, if thou hadst not come to me!

And so he said to Satyayajna, son of Pulusha:

Prachinayogya, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The sun, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a Spirit of universal form, common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, in thy family much is seen, of every form, such as a chariot drawn by she-mules, a bondmaiden, a chain of gold. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear! He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all. But, said he, this Spirit of thine is only the eye of the Spirit. Therefore, thou wouldst have become blind, if thou hadst not come to me!

And so he said to Indradyumna, grandson of Bhallava:

Vaiyaghrapadya, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The wind, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a Spirit of diverse ways, common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, offerings come to thee by diverse ways, ranks of chariots follow after thee by diverse ways. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear! He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all, But, said he, this Spirit of thine is only the breath of the Spirit. Therefore. thy breath would have departed, if thou hadst not come to me!

And so he said to Jana, son of Sharkaraksha:

Son of Sharkaraksha, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The shining ether, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a Spirit abounding, common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, thou art abounding in offspring and in wealth. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear! He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all. But, said he, this Spirit of thine is only the bodily vesture of the Spirit. Therefore, thy body would have fallen away, if thou hadst not come to me!

And so he said to Budila, son of Ashvatarashva:

Vaiyaghrapadya, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The waters, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a Spirit of wealth, common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, thou art possessed of wealth, well supplied. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear! He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all. But, said he, this Spirit of thine is only the bladder of the Spirit. Therefore, thy bladder would have burst, if thou hadst not come to me!

And so he said to Uddalaka, son of Aruna:

Gotama, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The earth, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a firm foundation, a Spirit common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, thou art firmly established in offspring and herds. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear! He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all. But, said he, this Spirit of thine is but the feet of the Spirit. Therefore, thy feet would have withered, if thou hadst not come to me!

To them he said:

Ye, all of you, but partly perceiving the Spirit which is common to all, eat food. But he who rightly reverences this Spirit common to all, of the measure of a span, yet of infinite extent, he eats food in all worlds, among all beings, in all Spirits.

Of this Spirit common to all, the radiant heavens are, of a truth, the head; the sun of universal form is, of a truth, the eye; the wind of diverse ways is, of a truth, the breath; the shining ether is, of a truth, the bodily vesture; the abounding waters are, of a truth, the bladder; the firm earth is, of a truth, the feet; the breast is, of a truth, the place of the altar; the hairs are the sacrificial grass; the heart is the household fire; the mind is the fire of sacrifice; the mouth is the fire of oblation.

Therefore, the first food to which he may come, should be made an offering. The first oblation which he may make, let him make an oblation of that to the Forward-breath, saying: Adoration to the Forward-breath! The Forward-breath rejoices. When the Forward-breath rejoices, the eye rejoices; when the eye rejoices, the sun rejoices; when the sun rejoices, the heavens rejoice; when the heavens rejoice, whatsoever the heavens and the sun govern, rejoices; together with the rejoicing of this, he rejoices in offspring, in herds, in divine radiance.

And so the second oblation which he may make, let him make an oblation to the Distributive-breath, saying: Adoration to the Distributive-breath! The Distributive-breath rejoices. When the Distributive-breath rejoices, hearing rejoices; when hearing rejoices, the moon rejoices; when the moon rejoices, the spaces rejoice; when the spaces rejoice, whatsoever the spaces and the moon govern, rejoices; together with the rejoicing of this, he rejoices in offspring, in herds, in divine radiance.

And so the third oblation which he may make, let him make an oblation to the Downward-breath, saying: Adoration to the Downward-breath! The Downward-breath rejoices. When the Downward-breath rejoices, voice rejoices; when voice rejoices, fire rejoices; when fire rejoices, the earth rejoices; when the earth rejoices, whatsoever the earth and fire govern, rejoices; together with the rejoicing of this, he rejoices in offspring, in herds, in divine radiance.

And so the fourth oblation which he may make, let him make an oblation to the Uniting-breath, saying: Adoration to the Uniting-breath! The Uniting-

breath rejoices. When the Uniting-breath rejoices, mind rejoices; when the mind rejoices, the rain-lord rejoices; when the rain-lord rejoices, lightning rejoices; when lightning rejoices, whatsoever lightning and the rain-lord govern, rejoices; together with the rejoicing of this, he rejoices in offspring, in herds, in divine radiance.

And so the fifth oblation which he may make, let him make an oblation to the Upward-breath, saying: Adoration to the Upward-breath! The Upward-breath rejoices. When the Upward-breath rejoices, touch rejoices; when touch rejoices, the wind rejoices; when the wind rejoices, shining ether rejoices; when shining ether rejoices, whatsoever the wind and shining ether govern rejoices; together with the rejoicing of this, he rejoices in offspring, in herds, in divine radiance.

He who, not knowing this, offers the Fire-invocation, it is as though he were to scatter the red embers and pour the oil on dead ashes. But he who, knowing this, offers the Fire-invocation, his offering is made in all worlds, among all beings, in all Spirits.

And so as the stem of a reed cast into the fire burns away, thus, verily, do all his sins burn away, who, knowing this thus, offers the Fire-invocation. Therefore, of a truth, should one who knows thus offer the leavings of his food to a Chandala, an outcast, nonetheless the offering would be made to the Spirit, common to all. And there is this verse:

> Like as hungry children here wait upon their mother,
> So all beings wait upon the Fire-invocation.

PART VIII, SECTIONS 13–15

From the dark, I go forward to the many-coloured; from the many-coloured, I go forward to the dark. Just as a horse shakes off loose hairs, so I rid myself of sin; ridding myself of this body, as the moon escapes from the mouth of the Demon of eclipse, I, a Spirit completely formed, am born into the uncreate world of the Eternal, I am born into the world of the Eternal.

That which is named the shining ether is the moulder of name and form, of separate life. That within which these dwell is the Eternal, that is the Supreme Spirit. To the assembly of the Lord of beings, to His dwelling I go forward. I become the glory of knowers of the Eternal, the glory of kings, the glory of the people. Glory have I attained. Therefore may I, the glory of glories, not fall into hoary and toothless days, into toothless and hoary and decrepit days. May I escape decrepit days.

This teaching Lord Brahma imparted to the Lord of beings, the Lord of beings imparted it to Manu, and Manu to his descendants. He who, following the rule, has learned this Wisdom from the family of a Master, in the time left over from doing the Master's work, turns again home. Nor does such a one return again.

C. J.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

AS I think backwards over the years, I realize that it was my Mother who first told me about it; that it was she who had constantly tried to teach me where and how I should search for it; she tried to show me along what road I should travel in order to find it. I do not mean that she spoke to me of The Theosophical Society, for it is quite likely that she never even heard of it,—I do not know. But one could not be with her without being conscious of that which in Theosophy is the Great Magnet to many of us,—it certainly was in my case—the sense of a *living* Master. She made Christ, simply and literally, the "Head of our house"; to him all things were without question referred, and with perfect conviction that "he would understand". So vivid and personal was this, that I have never forgotten the impression made upon me, and I know that all through my earliest childhood, he seemed to me, though unseen, yet actually and penetratingly present in our home. It was "the Love that never faileth"—that was what she taught us to feel; and we all responded to that wonderful atmosphere in which she folded us. It seemed actually to emanate from her, for I can well remember the stillness which I used to feel creeping about me, whenever she came into our nursery; and I shall always believe that in those early days, something was given me which I recognized years later, when I first met Theosophy.

There had been another fertile source of comfort. As a very young child I was evidently somewhat clairaudient—so many children are; for, in an old diary kept by my Mother, the ink now faded and the paper yellow with age, it is recorded of me that I used to "confide" to her that frequently, when I was alone, I heard someone talking to me, and that whenever I *thought* of it, and *listened* for it, I always heard that voice speaking, and telling me things. It evidently surprised me that my brothers and sisters did not also hear it when they were alone, for it seems to have been very real to me, and an important feature in my daily life, though I do not now, at this long interval, recall the actual things that were said. My Mother's counsel, grave and quiet, I am sure, seems to have been that I must give all my attention, and never forget anything that was told me; that I must listen to every word. "Do you, Mother?" it is recorded that I asked on one occasion, very earnestly, thinking that she must often hear that voice. Evidently this caused her a good deal of gentle amusement, for her account of it is at some length; but she appears to have given me complete confidence that the voice was *real* and not to be turned away from lightly.

My Mother died, however, before I was seven, and the years moved on;

but she seems to have left with us, as a priceless inheritance (though too soon it vanished), a deep-rooted belief in the *living reality* of Christ, and the sense of his overshadowing remained with me for a long time despite the fact that, after she left us, the happy conditions of our home completely changed. An atmosphere of entire worldliness, and indifference to all those matters which had been of paramount importance to her, swept over it; and I often wonder how any spark of real life was left in me; any desire for inner things. Yet heaven is kind; and somewhere, hidden away in the dark earth of my material surroundings, there were those seeds which my Mother had planted with her loving hands. I believe that I owe a great deal also, to a natural love of solitude; to the habit of creeping away by myself from the noise of people; and I think that those quiet hours alone, helped me to keep alive a few of the things which she had taught, a little of the wisdom which she had tried to establish permanently. In the house where we lived there was a kind of storeroom, at the end of a long corridor; a great, dark, windowless room not often entered, and I can see myself, a small object sitting on an empty box, which I found more comfortable than a trunk, because it was so low that my feet rested easily on the floor. In this storeroom I was usually quite safe from intrusion, and at these times I used to think a great deal about heaven—and eternity! Particularly eternity. Heaven did not attract me so much, although I believed that my Mother was there, because my nurses told me so. But to me, she seemed always so close that I did not understand how she could be in heaven too. Heaven had begun to assume the orthodox, remote and chilly aspect given it by our servants; but eternity, and the feeling I had about it, was all my Mother's, for I had heard her talk of it (it must have had a special significance to her); and somehow, from what she had said, it had come to be like a vast, soft, protecting radiance, stretching endlessly in all directions, as far as my imagination would carry me, and I used to love to reach breathlessly out and out into it, and then turn quickly and feel it *inside*. This was a little, solitary game I used to play. Occasionally it frightened me with its immensity, but not often. My eternity was wholly indescribable; a source of peace. I can remember no actual words that my Mother ever used in speaking of it, but such was the effect of the thought of it on me, that all during my childhood, whenever I was either unhappy or frightened, if I could only manage to creep off alone, and "put myself into eternity", as I called the process, all my troubles vanished as if by magic, even though I knew, from bitter experience, that I should have to pick them all up again when I "came out of it". No sorrow or fear ever had the power to enter my eternity; it was a "place" of such absolute stillness and peace, that if I could only manage to stay there, while the whole house might be humming with excitement, that marvellous stillness shut it all out. I speak of this childhood feeling about eternity, this feeling which was so *real*, because of what happened many, many years later, when Theosophy burst upon me.

"God", however, was a source of great vexation to me. I could not understand Him at all, and I had every reason to believe that He did not understand

me. He seems to have been wholly a creation of our nurses, after my Mother's going—I do not remember that He came into my calculation until then. They told me, for instance, that He always answered our prayers, but I knew better. Sometimes He did, and sometimes He did *not*—there was no counting on Him. Had He not failed me over and over again? Had He always answered *my* prayers? I should think not! I used to have tumultuous and scorching arguments with Him in consequence. I must have been getting somewhat peevish and exacting about this time. My Mother's serene and heavenly influence was being overlaid. I had discovered, for instance, that if, while walking through the fields, you pulled at a buttercup plant, it would sometimes come up out of the earth with a nice, little, round, bulby root at the end, and this destructive occupation so fascinated me that I could hardly be dragged past buttercup fields at all. My methods were very systematic, and developed into a kind of ritual. I would select my buttercup, say my prayer, and then jerk. If, as very often happened, the stem broke before the little root appeared, I felt dreadfully aggrieved. Had I not prayed? What was "God" doing at that moment? Had He not heard me? Then the disillusionment about "God" would turn me mercifully back to eternity, and *that* never failed me. So those childhood days seem to have been spent in the violent oscillations of youth; tearing up lovely and happy buttercups by the roots, or creeping away into "my eternity". If you had mentioned "the chêla's hair line" to me at this period, I should have laughed in your face,—a scornful, perhaps rather bitter, nine-year-old laugh.

The years crept on, and alas, the realities of my childhood became little more than twilight memories, infrequently haunting my young maturity; and, as I lost myself in the current of worldly affairs, even these heaven-born memories gradually faded. They left, indeed, their pale reflection in a kind of natural attraction which I seemed to feel for all mystical subjects, but I never did anything with this interest; the roots now lacked the vitality to penetrate to the cool moisture of the lower depths, so that the interest itself gradually disappeared—or almost so, though never quite, as I now realize. My life was a busy and eventful one; a life full of high lights and sombre shadows, and I passed along its highways, forgetful of the past, unmindful of the future, living (whether cloud or shine) in what was always a dangerously vivid present.

Then came a wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten night when, for the first time in this incarnation, I met with Theosophy, and some ancient, long dead chord was instantly struck in me. This, I now know, is by no means an uncommon experience among us; I speak of it merely because it was also mine. But how strangely fortuitous the entrance upon the great events of our lives appears to be! I went to that first theosophical lecture on the invitation of the most casual acquaintance; one who was "mildly interested" and who thought that I also might be; someone whom I cannot remember ever to have seen afterwards, and whose very name has since gone from me. Did I, that night, forge a vast, new, karmic debt of gratitude to that passing

benefactor of mine, or was it, perhaps, the reverse—the repayment of some long past and unremembered service which it had been *my* privilege to render; unremembered by me, but unforgotten by that good Samaritan? I have often wondered which.

I shall never forget that night. The lecture was in a great hall, and the audience must have numbered several thousand, yet from the very first, it was as though the universe had suddenly been emptied of all things save the words which I heard, and my own insignificant self sitting there in rapt silence, listening. I have no longer a clear recollection of the actual subject of the lecture—save, of course, that it was theosophical in general—but it had the most extraordinary effect; extraordinary to me, at least, and quite new in my experience. Almost every thought seemed strangely familiar; at times I even had the feeling, though I am not sure that I realized this until afterwards, that I could guess beforehand something of what was going to be said. From the first moment that they were mentioned, it was the Masters, and the thought of them, which drew me, and I accepted the truth of their existence at once, as something long known and beyond dispute—like the stars in the heavens which I watched nightly. I knew that the stars were there, because I had seen them all my life. I knew, for what seemed to me, then, something like the same reason, that the Masters lived and laboured to help us. I can remember no other detail of that lecture, I remember only its effect; and it came, at last, to an end, though I cannot now say how it ended, for I was in a kind of dream; rapt away from the world; as completely severed, at least temporarily, from my old life and interests, as though they had never existed. As I left the great hall, I stopped at a table near an exit to buy one of the theosophical books for sale, choosing it seemingly at random. I remember this much, but I have never been able to remember how I got home that night. All that remains in my memory is that somehow I found myself there, sitting in a deep armchair in a dark room, tightly clasping my new book, but once more, oh! marvel of marvels, bathed in that soft, wide and protecting radiance which had been so familiar in my earliest days. In an instant of time, I seemed to have crossed a rainbow bridge which spanned the rolling ocean of the years separating me from the past—in some strange way I had regained the lost state of childhood. I should think I must have sat there for hours, I do not know. I cannot claim that I was "remembering"; but I do know that life seemed suddenly to have become immense, far-reaching, with a new kind of continuity—though perhaps at the moment I should not have described it thus. Then at last, I thought of that small book, still tightly clasped in my hand, and, turning on my lamp, I saw the title—*Light on the Path.* So far as I could then guess, it was quite new to me. The first page or two meant little, but, as I read on, I stopped suddenly when I came to the words: "Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the Eternal"; and later: "For within you is the light of the world—the only light that can be shed upon the path." What was this book that was talking that way about eternity, *my* eternity, and about that light within? Had not those

solitary, childhood hours of mine whispered the same strange secrets to me long ago? But what was "the path"? I read the book through from start to finish. Most of it was veiled from me, a mystery, of course, but I could not bear to let it go from my hand. No book that I had ever held had made me feel like that book. I would not have parted with it for kingdoms.

For two or three days and nights I lived in this new and magical world into which I seemed suddenly to have penetrated. That marvellous and still radiance did not leave me, and I moved about in it as one would float on a summer sea. Then I determined to go in search of someone who could tell me more about Theosophy, what it was and what it meant; but when I began to investigate the Society calling itself Theosophical—the Society whose lecturer I had heard—alas for me! I came away in disgust, if not in a kind of panic of dread, for there was the feeling that, if I did not have a care, I should be "swallowed up", body and soul, in a kind of huge machine,—and I was not at all prepared to be "swallowed up". It was not Theosophy which I had found, only something which *called* itself that, though undoubtedly, when I had listened to that lecture, old and loved harmonies had been stirred to life by the very words spoken, and I must have "remembered"—remembered what I already knew,—yet what, on closer investigation, I now found, was *not* what I "knew"; and I was repelled. None the less I never lost my interest through the time that followed, nor a curious kind of faith that, whatever Theosophy was, it could be found *somewhere*, though I had not the least idea where. Several years went by in this way, and then, when I had ceased to look for it, I found it! It fell across my path one summer's day—Theosophy and The Theosophical Society.

And why did I join? Well, I doubt if at the time I could have told you definitely—but I can now. I "joined", in this incarnation, because I had already joined long, long ago, and so this time it was only a home-coming. I joined because I knew I had found all that my Mother had told me to look for; all that had been the dream of my childhood; all that anyone *could* look and long for—and more!

N. F. T.

OCCULTISM AND MEDICINE

IN summing up Part I of Book I of *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 276, Ed. 1888), Madame Blavatsky makes the arresting statement that while it is their materialism that has blinded men of science, it is their ignorance of "the true essence and nature of matter" that has misled the Spiritualists. She adds that: "It is on the right comprehension of the primeval Evolution of Spirit-Matter and its real essence that the student has to depend for the further elucidation in his mind of the Occult Cosmogony, and for the only sure clue which can guide his subsequent studies." Throughout the whole of this first part of the book—the foundation for all that follows—the chief emphasis is laid upon this inseparability of Spirit-Matter, the dual aspects or poles through which and between which the hidden Fundamental Unity, the unknown Absolute, emanates the manifested universe. The separation of Spirit and Matter is "Maya," the cause and the effect of manifestation; and the occultist, who seeks to penetrate beneath the manifest, must learn to see them, not as two things, but as one,—realizing that cause and effect can not be divorced, nor force and form. In manifestation they are opposite poles; in the unmanifest they are merged in One.

To have grasped this fundamental principle of unity is to have passed from the basis of exoteric philosophies to that of esoteric teaching. Exoteric philosophies must draw their premises from what is exoteric,—from what is manifest; and as, in all manifestation, spirit and matter, consciousness and its object, force and form, are separate and opposite, so must they be separate and opposite in the philosophies based upon the manifest; and therefore such systems must either be marked by an irreconcilable duality, or else strive to minimize and ignore one or other of the two interacting poles. So physical science ignores consciousness; and the evolutionist (of the old school) seeks to explain it as but a by-product of material organization. On the other hand, the idealist and spiritualist minimize matter, and are misled by their failure to understand its true nature in relation to the spirit. Esotericism alone takes due account of both sides of the duality, and this it can do because it passes behind both, to the unity from which they rise.

An analogy can be drawn between this theosophic view of Being, and the scientific view of electricity. Science does not pretend to know what electricity *is*, but it knows much about how it is *revealed*, and about effects which it produces. The definitions given in dictionaries are significant of this: "One of the forces of nature, *made evident* by friction, chemical action, the motion of coils of wire in a magnetic field, etc." So Theosophy speaks of Being—or, as Madame Blavatsky amends, "Be-ness". In itself it is unknowable; but it is "made evident" and manifested in ways which we may study. These ways have this in common with the ways in which electricity is made

evident: the first step is the emanation of a duality from what was a unity, and thereafter all the effects produced are the results of the interaction of the two poles of this duality. Here is an electrical machine, at rest, a thing apparently of inert glass and wood, rubber and metal rods. The electricity, with which science tells us it is vibrant, gives no evidence of its existence. We touch it and receive no shock; there is no spark or glow, no manifestation; and the reason for this is that there is no outward differentiation into positive and negative aspects, no polarization of unity into duality. Put the machine in motion, and this polarization takes place. The positive and negative draw apart, until the tension between them is too great for the intervening medium to resist, and they rush together, regaining unity, in a stream of electric sparks—a lightning flash—of light and heat and power and radiating magnetic field. The manifest reveals duality; it is manifest because of duality; but in the unmanifest, in the hiddenness of quiescence, there is the unity from which the duality springs and which alone explains it.

We can see from this why it is that every purely exoteric philosophy or religion must of necessity be one sided. It aims to reduce diversity to unity, to reconcile duality and paradox into a logically consistent and unified system; but in the very nature of things the unity and reconciliation do not exist on the level where the diversity and paradox are found. The branches of the tree must be followed back to the central stem; and that takes us from the world of the manifest to the unmanifest. The philosophy which is not willing or able to make this transition, can never reach true unity, and must substitute for it the spurious appearance of consistency which may be attained by artificially limiting its field, as does science, considering only one half of the dual aspect which manifestation always presents. Life itself, however, can attain consistency in no such way; and as experience inevitably includes what such philosophies ignore, no one of them can be permanently satisfying. The vacuum created by one school of thought is filled by the arising of another, which over-emphasizes what the first minimized, and minimizes all that was formerly stressed. So the pendulum swings from one extreme to the other as generation succeeds generation; and the "tough" and the "tender minded" (as William James called them) of the same generation, looking at life from opposite poles, contend one against the other, each striving to make the whole out of his single half. The ridiculous conflict of "fundamentalist" and "evolutionist," which still echoes in the newspapers, is as old as human thought. The names and forms change, but the essential opposition is the same. Each new reformation is soon seen itself to need reform; and the alternating cycles mark the changing winds of thought, veering always to the mental areas of lowest atmospheric pressure.

This is the background against which the history of the Theosophical Movement can be seen in a truer perspective than it is easy otherwise to gain. Century after century, in its successive "reincarnations", the Movement has been an agency acting to check the extreme swing of the cyclic pendulum, its human representatives opposing themselves single-handed to the momentum

of the world. Always it has pointed to the Way, by which the partial and the divided may be transcended, and wholeness and unity be found,—the hidden Way, from the manifest to the unmanifest, "the small, old Path that leads to the Eternal." But too often, its deeper teaching misunderstood or rejected, it has succeeded in checking one extreme only at the cost of inaugurating a counter movement which, if itself unchecked, sweeps forward to the other. The student of Theosophy, studying its larger history from this point of view, is soon compelled to revise his concepts of success and failure,—perceiving that what the world counts as success may have been the gravest failure. That action is most successful which is most perfectly adapted to its end, its force so nicely calculated that the action ceases as the end is reached, with no surplus carrying it beyond its goal or prompting to reactions that will later set it back. In the restoration of the world's balance, the Lodge agents have probably been most successful when they have been able to remain the most obscure, and when their work has seemed to die with them, leaving no other trace than an unexplained change in the tone and temper of men's minds. The effort to correct excesses can, however, be but one aspect of the work of the Theosophical Movement. The aim must include not only the restoration of the world's balance, but also its maintenance; and, as has been pointed out above, this can only be done through a knowledge and hold upon truth which cannot rise spontaneously from the world, but must be gained from above the world,—flowing from the unmanifest into the manifest. This is one of the surest hall-marks for the recognition of Theosophy, in whatever time or garb it may appear. It always points above, or within, to the unity that reconciles diversity; and it insists that, until this unity be found and held, all else is "Maya" and delusion. Spirit and matter, the inner world and the outer, consciousness and conduct, faith and works, are and must be One,—otherwise each is false, and no more than a mirage.

It is interesting to look back through the history of philosophy and religion, reviewing the long roll of those whose names are now associated with some definite view of life or trend of thought, and to try to apply to their work such tests as our knowledge of the Theosophical Movement suggests. Pythagoras, Plato and Plotinus; Krishna, Gautama the Buddha, and Jesus the Christ; Confucius and Lao-Tse; Shankaracharya and St. Paul; Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, "the most saintly among the learned, the most learned among the saints,"—we have too little command of our yard-sticks, perhaps —whether intellectual or moral—to enable us to measure these; but what of lesser figures, striking in at random: Paracelsus and Mesmer; Luther and Erasmus; St. Ignatius and Calvin; Galileo and St. Theresa; Bishop Berkeley and Leibnitz and Kant; Darwin and Karl Marx and Allan Kardec? What was their relation, if any, to the Theosophical Movement? Were they friends or foes, conscious or unconscious,—part of the swing of the world's pendulum, or standing against it? How did they touch the Theosophical Movement? What of it did they absorb and express?

To make our point as sharply as possible, we began by saying that no purely exoteric religion or philosophy could be more than one-sided; but now we ask ourselves whether there is, or ever has been, any *purely* exoteric view of life. Is there any past or present movement of thought into which something of the Theosophical Movement has not entered, which does not contain something of esoteric truth? There can be but one answer; for had there been no truth in them, they could not have lived; and whether they have by now lost that truth or not, it is still by virtue of it that they continue to live. As Fielding Hall has written, "the faiths are all brothers, some younger, some older"; and some may have been born deformed, and others may have become wayward and perverted into evil; yet it was from the common fatherhood of Truth that they first drew their life. A new set of questions thus presents itself: Through what channels did Theosophy reach these thinkers, through what sieves and veils had it to pass, that so many of them could reflect it only in dim and broken fragments?

Such questions are, however, pertinent to our present purpose only as they tend to clarify our view of the conditions with which the Theosophical Movement has to deal, and to show us that it must seek to preserve, as well as to destroy and to create,—for even in the extremes which it must oppose there is the life and truth which, in the past, it itself imparted to them. It was so at the birth of the Society—the present incarnation of the Theosophical Movement—in 1875. Madame Blavatsky had to attack the extremes and perversions of both science and theology, in order to liberate and preserve the ancient gift of life and truth that were in each, as well as for the purpose of opening men's minds for a new unveiling of the esoteric teaching. More than this, however, because these great protagonists had drawn so far apart, the middle ground that they had vacated had been occupied by a host of heterodox movements which had grown largely without guidance or restraint. Chief of these was the Spiritualistic movement, charged with the immeasurable potentialities for good or evil which attend any breaking down of the barriers between the seen and the unseen worlds. In France, led by Allan Kardec, the Spiritists taught reincarnation and certain other occult doctrines, as part of the philosophy which was revealed to them, though this teaching was opposed by the American Spiritualists; and in a significant foot-note (*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 476, Ed. 1888) Madame Blavatsky speaks of the old Count d'Ourches as "one of the earliest Eastern Occultists in France, a man the scope of whose occult knowledge will never be appreciated correctly by his survivors, because he screened his real beliefs and knowledge under the mask of Spiritism." But both in France and in America, mediumship was being developed with no thought or understanding of the dangers which it involved. Because tables tipped and teacups moved, untouched by human hands, it was inferred that these phenomena must be the work of the spirits of the dead; and the movement threatened to become the disseminator of such degrading concepts of the after-death states as to make materialism attractive in comparison.

It was in reference to such phenomena that Madame Blavatsky made the statement, quoted at the beginning of this article, that the Spiritualists were misled by their ignorance of the true essence and nature of matter as inseparable from spirit and consciousness. To elucidate the bearing of this criticism, we may add, to what we have already said, two corollaries, upon which Madame Blavatsky constantly insists:

"Everything in the Universe, throughout all its kingdoms, is *conscious:* that is, endowed with a consciousness of its own kind and on its own plane of perception. We men must remember that because *we* do not perceive any signs—which we can recognize—of consciousness, say, in stones, we have no right to say that *no consciousness exists there.* There is no such thing as either 'dead' or 'blind' matter, as there is no 'Blind' or 'Unconscious' Law. . . .

"The Universe is worked and *guided* from *within outwards.* As above so it is below, as in heaven so on earth; and man—the microcosm and miniature copy of the macrocosm—is the living witness of this Universal Law and to the mode of its action. We see that every *external* motion, act, gesture, whether voluntary or mechanical, organic or mental, is produced and preceded by *internal* feeling or emotion, will or volition, and thought or mind. As no outward motion or change, when normal, in man's external body can take place unless provoked by an inward impulse, given through one of the three functions named, so with the external or manifested Universe. The whole Kosmos is guided, controlled, and animated by almost endless series of Hierarchies of sentient Beings, each having a mission to perform, and who . . . are 'messengers' in the sense only that they are the agents of Karmic and Cosmic Laws. They vary infinitely in their respective degrees of consciousness and intelligence; and to call them all pure Spirits . . . is only to indulge in poetical fancy" (*Secret Doctrine,* Vol. I, p. 274, Ed. 1888).

The application of these corollaries to the spiritualistic movement of teacups, is not far to seek. If we see a conscious being, a man like ourselves, sitting on our tea-table, we may, of course, pick him up bodily and deposit him on the sofa across the room; but it is by no means unthinkable that if we asked, or ordered him to move, he would do so of himself, untouched by our hands,—or if he did not, we might even call a servant to move him for us. If he were not conscious, and we had no other servants at our command than our own two hands, we should, indeed, be limited to the first procedure. This is the materialistic view, which regards the limitation as so obvious that no amount of evidence can weigh against it. If the cup moved, it was carried; that being the only possibility, that is all there is to say about it. The spiritualistic viewpoint was scarcely less material, but had to accept the evidence which the materialist could arbitrarily deny. The teacup did move, therefore it was carried; but it was not touched by any material thing or person, therefore it was carried by "spirits." Each argument presupposes the absence of consciousness in the teacup, and also the absence of any other servants of man's will than his bodily members. Neither supposition is in accord with the tenets of Theosophy; and it was this which Madame Blavatsky

pointed out, when she duplicated the phenomena for her spiritualistic friends, without recourse to a séance or an appeal to "spirits".

Of course those who rejected the spiritualistic phenomena were compelled by the same reasons to reject those produced by Madame Blavatsky. If a thing be impossible, the most highly improbable alternative is to be preferred to it. Christ's simple statement of the occult law: "If ye have faith and doubt not . . . and shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done",—is not the only one of his sayings which is repeated without being believed. It is the last explanation that would be generally credited, if the world suddenly found that one of its mountains had vanished. As, however, Madame Blavatsky ascribed all her own knowledge and powers in these matters to the teaching in the ancient wisdom which she had received in Thibet, it is of interest to note that one of the first European travellers to penetrate the fastnesses of central Asia, has left us an account of precisely similar phenomena which he witnessed at the Court of the Great Khan. It was in May of 1275 that Marco Polo was received by Kublai Khan in his summer palace at Chandu, and in Chapter LXI of Book I of his *Travels*, he writes of his stay there, noting the manners and customs of the Court, including the part played by the "Bacsi" ("Bakhshi" or "Bhikshu", a name, Sir Henry Yule tells us, applied among the Mongols in the sense of "teacher", "religious devotee", or "medicine-man"), from which we take the following paragraph:

"There is another marvel performed by those Bacsi, of whom I have been speaking as knowing so many enchantments. For when the Great Kaan is at his capital and in his great Palace, seated at his table, which stands on a platform some eight cubits above the ground, his cups are set before him (on a great buffet) in the middle of the hall pavement, at a distance of some ten paces from his table, and filled with wine, or other good spiced liquor such as they use. Now when the Lord desires to drink, these enchanters by the power of their enchantments cause the cups to move from their place without being touched by anybody, and to present themselves to the Emperor! This every one present may witness, and there are ofttimes more than 10,000 persons thus present. 'Tis a truth and no lie! and so will tell you the sages of our own country who understand necromancy, for they also can perform it."

The same phenomenon is described more briefly in the Travels of Friar Odoric: "And jugglers cause cups of gold full of good wine to fly through the air, and to offer themselves to all who list to drink" (Sir Henry Yule, *Cathay*, p. 143).

We may credit or reject such accounts, and believe or disbelieve the evidence of our own senses if it falls to us to witness similar occurrences; but if we accept the fundamental tenets of Theosophy—that consciousness is omnipresent, and that the Universe is worked and guided from within by an "endless series of Hierarchies of sentient beings"—we have, at least, a rational basis for their explanation. What was theoretically impossible under a materialistic philosophy, becomes wholly reasonable under the postulates of

Theosophy; and it appears no more "unnatural" that a cup should be brought us, in obedience to our will, by an unseen "elemental", than that the same cup should be carried, in obedience to the same will, by a liveried butler. The materialists have really over-estimated the importance of the livery in making it the criterion of the possible.

Yet while *The Secret Doctrine* insists that there is no "dead" matter or "unconscious" law, it warns us against the assumption that all consciousness is like our own, and it stresses the infinite variety of grade and type of consciousness in the hierarchies of Being that are above and below mankind in the scale of development. The problem which magical phenomena present to the layman, is thus reduced to a problem of communication,—of how the will of the magician is able to reach and influence the intelligences, different from his own, that animate the substances with which he would deal, and that are operative in their laws and actions. The radio has taught us to think of communication in terms of attunement and harmonic adjustment; and these are perhaps as suggestive as any we can find,—though there is always awkwardness in the use of mechanical and spacial terms as applied to spirit and consciousness, where "within" is also "above", and "harmony" means far more than a ratio between rates of vibration. Yet it will not be misleading to say that the first requisite for the *legitimate* control of the occult forces of nature is the attunement of the occultist's consciousness and will to the one central principle of action that runs through the whole Universe, guiding and controlling it from "within outwards", from above down. He must open his consciousness to the Consciousness above him, and make his will one with a Will higher than his own. He must make the current of his own life merge with the current of the universal life; no longer actuated from without by the desire for outer things—for comfort or sensation or wealth or fame—but guided and moved from within by an inner voice and an inner power. As he attunes himself to that which is above, placing himself under its authority, he finds the range of his own authority deepens and broadens. In learning to obey, he gains the power to command. In making himself the servant of "Divine Intelligences" and "Karmic and Cosmic Laws", he takes his place in the "Hierarchy of sentient beings" who are their agents, and who render free-willed obedience to what speaks to them with their Masters' voice.

The whole theory is given in the words of the Centurion to the Master Christ: "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers; and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." The faith, at which Jesus marvelled, went far deeper than the perception of the Master's authority and power; it was a recognition which penetrated to his standing in the spiritual Hierarchy, the standing which gave this power to him. The Centurion did not say—as is sometimes misquoted, missing all its deeper significance—"For I also am a man *having* authority"; but, "I also am a man set *under* authority". The servants who obeyed him were not his own, but the soldiers of the Emperor.

This is the reason that self-abnegation and holiness can work miracles, which, worked by them, are no miracles, but the perfect expression of the Law. He who enters into occult power by any other means, he whose word and will are his own, and not the "Father's", is but a "thief and a robber",—for "the Universe is worked and guided from within outwards", and this movement must be continuous and without break, from the inmost essence, the hidden Absolute, to the outermost particle of matter.

As "man—the microcosm and miniature copy of the macrocosm—is the living witness to this Universal Law and to the mode of its action", it would seem that we should be able to draw from the lore of the physician an outline for a true cosmogenesis and philosophy; or, conversely, apply what we may know of the universal relations of spirit and matter to the interaction between man's consciousness and his physical organism. How far Paracelsus, perhaps one of the greatest occultists as well as the greatest physician of the middle ages, succeeded in doing this, we have endeavoured to show elsewhere; but the advances in medical science, since his day, great though they have been, have probably done more to obscure than to clarify our understanding of fundamental laws. It has become hard to see the forest because of the trees. The efficient methods of physics and chemistry have made it easier to treat a disease than a man; and it has appeared that the chief difficulties in psychology and biology could be largely avoided by omitting any consideration of the *psyche* and of life. In medical science, as in all else, there has, of course, been the swing of the pendulum; but at neither extreme has it been free from the twin obscurants of the real,—materialism and ignorance of the true nature of matter.

We have been dealing at some length with two of the fundamental principles of Theosophy. There is a third which must be kept in mind if our own observations of life, and particularly the established facts of medical science, are not to appear contradictory to the movement and guidance of life from within. This third principle is the law of Karma,—the law of reaction, the return current moving from without in, reflecting back to spirit its own initial action upon matter; so that it is itself affected and modified by its acts, and, experiencing their results, learns to know them and itself. This in no way contradicts, but supplements, what we have heretofore stressed. The current from within outwards is primary and causal; the return current, from without in, is secondary, a reflection and effect of the first. But this return current is the carrier of the karmic consequences of the first, and it is through it that these consequences are impressed upon the consciousness, altering, sometimes profoundly, its state. "Desire precedes function, and function precedes organism"; but it is through the organism that the cycle is completed and the fruits of desire return to it,—modifying it, so that the new cycle is different in intensity or kind from the old.

It is this return current which most strikes our attention when we seek to study the relation and interaction of mind and body, of character and health. Particularly is this true if our approach to such questions be from

without—as is the common approach of science, medical science included; for then we are proceeding in the direction in which this current itself flows, so that it is not hard to follow its movement. It is, indeed, only in oneself that one is able to proceed purely from within, along the primary, causal current from spirit to matter,—unless, as we can scarcely do here, we include in our view the special relation of Master and chêla. To study or affect others, we are compelled to approach and deal with them from without; using outer things as the levers by which to move inner things, making the karmic current carry back with it, not only its own proper effects, but those which we have artificially imposed upon it. One cannot wonder, therefore, that medical science in general has come to regard this secondary current as primary and causal; for in medicine it *is* causal, in that it is through it alone that medicine has effect.

The work of Mesmer and his pupils, in one sense deriving logically from the "magnetism" of Paracelsus, until it was diverted by Charcot and his school into what we know as hypnotism, re-established indisputably the fact that an idea, implanted and fixed in the mind, could work out into visible, physical effects in the body. To this extent it called attention to the primary direction of life's flow; but it is important to note that in hypnotism this movement from within out, is the secondary consequence of an initial movement from without in,—the will of the hypnotizer being imposed upon that of his subject. The normal order is thus completely reversed, and the domination of a foreign will and thought is a far deeper violation of individual sanctities than is the injection of foreign matter. We have to face the fact, therefore, that modern medical practice, called upon to ameliorate, modify or suspend the natural action of Karma, breaks artificially into the circle of cause and effect, and makes primary what life makes secondary. If this be forgotten, the lore of the physician will be more likely to mislead than to enlighten us.

There would be little to be gained by dwelling at any length upon the ways in which mental and moral traits have been altered by physical or chemical means. They are too numerous and too well known. Yet some of them are very striking. There is, for example, the Krogh-Jaensch effect. There are children who can visualize and recall once-seen pictures and maps in all their minute details. A spectacle, once presented to the eye, can be seen again by them precisely as they saw it first, with complete accuracy of design and colour, and as at the same distance from which it was originally viewed. Lime and cod-liver oil put a stop to this activity, which is resumed when the lime and oil are stopped. Or we may think of the remarkable changes in the emotional, psychic and intellectual status of a cretinoid idiot—as well as the alteration in skin, hair, bones and teeth—that can be produced by feeding him with thyroid. Interesting as such phenomena are, and they might of course be endlessly extended, they are more likely to mislead us in the larger problems of life, than to help us to a true solution. We are brought nearer to wisdom when the Katha Upanishad tells us: "Know the Higher Self as the Lord

of the chariot, and the body as the chariot; know the soul as the charioteer, and the mind and the emotional nature as the reins. They say that the powers of perception and action are the horses, and that objective things are the roadways for these; the Self, joined with the powers through the mental and emotional nature, is called the enjoyer of experience by the wise." Our discoveries regarding the endocrines simply show us how to polish up the chariot, and to make the reins more pliant, so that the true and instinctive relation between the driver and his horses is carried out with greater ease.

It should not be inferred, however, that the picture which modern medicine gives is all one-sided. There has been a vast amount of work showing how the glandular secretions, which have such a potent reaction upon the mind, are themselves influenced by mental and emotional states. More than this, some of the physical conditions, accompanying an excess of one or another of these secretions, are identifiable as those normally associated with one or another of the emotions. Thus, Dr. N. D. C. Lewis, writing on the "Psychological Factors in Hyperthyroidism", finds that the chief symptoms of hyperthyroidism, chemical, physiological and psychological, are exact duplicates of those of fear. Even the eye-signs are those of fear. Exophthalmic Goitre, a special type of hyperthyroidism, occurs, he says, most commonly in persons whose unbalanced habits of life, whose conflicts between instinctive desires and moral codes, and emotional and sexual disorders, cause strains upon the Thyroid and other glands. Therefore, he concludes, such Goitre is what may be called "Structuralized Fear". In such conclusions as these we come close to the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine*, and they may well help us to understand better the workings of Karma.

It may be of interest to note one other example, not so much because of what it as yet reveals, as for the line of thought it suggests. Professor William Bullock, writing in *Nature* a few years ago upon "Recent Researches on the Causation of Tumours", comments upon the work of Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard, showing that: "Inert 'specific factor' from fowl tumour, plus inert 'primary culture' from human tumour, caused sarcoma in the fowl." Professor Bullock says: "It has long been a commonplace of medical writers that the development of most diseases requires the co-operation of two sets of factors. On the one hand, the organism, within which the morbid process is to unfold itself, must conform to certain conditions of structure and function. This is the so-called 'internal' cause. On the other hand, some agent, the 'external' cause, actually or functionally outside the organism, must exert an effect peculiar to itself, and a property of its own structure, upon the organism which is in process of becoming the seat of the disease. The revolutions in medical knowledge which came from bacteriological discoveries showed that for most infective diseases the specific agent was the external one. Thus the tubercle bacillus is the specific element in tuberculosis. In the case of tumours—if Gye's work is confirmed—it would appear that the specificity is not resident in the virus, but in the 'internal' cause—a new conception in connection with infective disease." In other words, in every case of in-

fectious disease, the man's own nature, the "internal" cause, must be such as to permit the foreign agent, the "external" cause, to enter and to develop; and in the case of tumours, the indications are that the specific character of the result is not determined by the nature of the external element, but by the nature of the internal. We are always exposed to infection, moral and mental as well as physical; but whether we shall react to it or not, and what the specific character of the result will be—whether good or bad, increased or diminished strength and health—depends not upon the infection alone, but upon ourselves.

Significant as such illustrations are, however, to the student of Theosophy, they tend, as we have said, without the light that Theosophy throws upon them, rather to obscure than to reveal the truth. To the occultist, the self and its environment are polarized aspects of one Life, spirit reflecting itself in matter; and thus the "internal cause" is seen by him as the total inner self, and the "external cause" as the return to that self, through karmic reflection, of something which first emanated from it. Modern medical theories, lacking any esoteric basis, can recognize no such unity, and the concept of the internal cause is commonly limited to the mere physico-chemical condition of the body. The treatment of disease thus becomes purely materialistic, and the physician, utilizing the karmic current for the amelioration of the ills he sees, does so too often with no thought of the deeper purposes to which Karma itself is directed. As life flows and takes form from within, there can be no permanent health of the body if this causal current from the inner self be stultified or wrongly directed; and it is to its correction that Karma ceaselessly presses. That medical practice is the best, therefore, which, in accomplishing its immediate end, interferes least with the patient's Karma,—working with, and not against it. It is the charioteer who must guide the chariot, wheresoever the Lord of the chariot would go.

There is a very simple physical experiment, which was popular as a parlour game some forty or fifty years ago, but which has for so long lost its favour that it may well by now have been forgotten. A thin membrane was stretched over the opening of a trumpet, somewhat resembling the horn of a modern loud-speaker, and a thin layer of fine powder, such as lycopodium, was scattered evenly upon it. A single note was then sung into the tube. The powder at once sprang into motion, its particles grouping themselves into a definite pattern. Another note, another pattern; and so through the auditory scale. The fine powder may be compared to the atoms, or the electrons, of the physical cells, or, further back, to the primordial matter in its first differentiation; and the voice of the singer may be likened to the "breath" of the Spirit. So, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory."

Archibald Keightley,
Henry Bedinger Mitchell.

GLEANINGS FROM A HOLIDAY

IT has always roused scorn in my none too charitable personality when foreigners blessed with a holiday have come to our country, have rushed by fast express from New York to Chicago, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Montreal, and to the steamer back to duty,—and then have written, at length, their impressions of America and Americans. It seems so crudely superficial. It suggests such protruding egotism. If they know that they know nothing at all about it, let it pass; but can one be certain! And then the hundreds or thousands who may read the impressions,—are they, too, impressed, and how? It is in the spirit of penance, then, for past intolerance, and not impelled by any sense of adequacy, that I follow in their footsteps, and after a similarly abbreviated journeying through France, give in response to a question, not so much my impressions, as some expression of what the country offered to one who was paying her—a position which is made almost singular by its rarity nowadays—a *first* visit.

My acquaintance with France was necessarily one-sided,—one-sided for one thing, in the sense in which a *genre* painting is one-sided, but equally so in other ways as well. Possibly this is inevitable. One tourist whom I met, second-hand, this summer, had gone by aeroplane from London to Paris, then by aeroplane from Paris to Berlin, then by aeroplane from Berlin to Brussels, then by aeroplane from Brussels to dear knows what seaport, and then (probably because no aeroplane was starting at the moment) had taken steamer for New York, having "been all over Europe." He saw Europe through one element, air. Most of us, I suspect, are little better off. We see any person we meet, any country we visit, through whatever element we have built up by our own previous thinking, our likes and dislikes, our whole personal bent or bias. We see largely what we take there. In my own case, the "element" was a feeling for France built up through twenty years of waiting and expectation, and my desire was to find, as far as possible, the France of the Frenchman and not of the tourist. It was pleasing that my first glimpse of the country was a more than life-size crucifix on the jetty towering above my small boat, and beneath the bronze figure, a diminutive French urchin, waving his arms like a windmill and shouting a joyous welcome to the incoming strangers. In a sense, it was a greeting from the highest and the lowliest of the land.

My next "impression" came in joining a jostling throng of homeward-bound workers, their wooden-soled shoes clattering in noisy rhythm on the cobblestone streets of a mediæval town. It was worth being American, at that moment, for the breath-taking wonder of coming from a new country, where youth, vigour, dynamic energy are the ruling power, to walk at sundown in the midst of this ancient peace, these brooding depths of stillness, where age holds its own: aged loveliness, not discredited or outstripped or pushed aside,

but revealed in the nobility, the beauty, the rich individuality that by right belong to it.

Agedness like that extends a hope to those who view with dread the closing years of their own life. Free from the querulous backward longing and regret in which age so often indulges, it suggests quiet reverie over the experiences of life, with a view to their profitable use. Flocks and herds and silver and gold, we know cannot be taken with us beyond the gate of death, but there is no such restriction on the garnered experience of a lifetime, if it be assimilated. And how else are we to avoid the necessity of learning over again next time, many of the painful lessons of this life? Age spent in such wise, filled with purpose, and positive, forward intent, would almost inevitably take on the mellow, well-seasoned quality, the beauty and nobility which rightfully should characterize it.

The century-old streets, with their crumbling stone and crooked houses, bear almost palpable testimony to the ancient teaching of emanations, revived by Theosophy. Whether or not our imagination re-peoples them with the knights and monks and other picturesque figures with whom history associates them, whether or not we try to reinvest them with the soul and spirit which in many cases seem to have gone elsewhere,—they bear the unmistakable impress of the deeds which they witnessed. Good and bad alike, even from the remote past, seem still to live on. There is a power in long tradition; a tremendous force in true greatness, past or present; and a country that lacks it or that fails to recognize its worth, must inevitably suffer. In the mere recognition of, and reverence for, the fine things of life, we take on some small portion of their fineness. This seems particularly noticeable in England, where the humblest servant, guide or custodian, often takes on a dignity—perhaps more than that—in proportion to his genuine conviction of the worth of some monument of the country's rich tradition with which he daily comes in contact. The extolling of greatness—be it only of human greatness—gives dignity and value to all life, including our own. It may, and doubtless should show us, in humbling contrast, the littleness and insignificance of our life and possible achievement, but at the same time, it should be an aid to seeing that small part of ours as a needed element in the great whole, and therefore infinitely worth making as fine, as rich, as great-in-little as possible.

At first sight, the clattering, homeward-bound workers on all sides of me seemed to share in the brooding aloofness of the ancient landmarks about us. But a question, asked at random by way of experiment, brought surprising assurance to the contrary. The next morning, to solve a doubt as to direction, another question was asked, equally at random, of a passer-by. "Ah, Madame, we met before," came the reply, with a joyful little cry of recognition, as friend to friend. It had been but a momentary contact the night before, with this friendly woman, an inquiry for a restaurant ("No, not a restaurant where English people go, but one where French people go"), and she had given in return, not merely a reply but some of herself as well. Truly the

genius of a race is a wonderful thing, with the many facets of a diamond. This fact had earlier been brought home forcibly, in watching a fashionable wedding as it left St. Margaret's, London, with the chimes overhead making their peculiar wedding din. First the bridal group and guests, then the crowd of curious spectators, and then, five minutes later, an amusing encounter with a loquacious old fruit vendor—each represented a different world, a distinct level of consciousness, and each was a facet of that elusive thing, the genius of a people. Here in another land, this warm-hearted French woman, with her smile and quick responsiveness, gave a happy glimpse of one facet of the French genius.

Other chance encounters corroborated the impression she gave. In one old city, I was seeing the sights from an antiquated trolley car, designed for perhaps a dozen persons—too delightfully absurd to be resisted. With a view to a trip next day to a nearby town, I asked a fellow-passenger, on approaching a railroad station, whether trains for X left from that station. He replied that they did, but at about five o'clock in the morning, later trains going from elsewhere. At this, another passenger expressed doubt, and thought there might be a train from here just about to start. Everybody on board immediately began to give animated assistance. In vain was it explained that only for later use was the information wanted. The farther went the car, the greater and more alarming became the danger of missing that train, and the more lively became the interest, admonition and advice, until forcible ejection seemed imminent.

The same kindly concern for another's welfare was met in a different and certainly unexpected way, in a pleasant river town full of memories of Jeanne d'Arc. A little restaurant where only peasant folk and workmen congregated; a ruddy faced, smiling old man, in shirt sleeves and white apron, who acted as host, waiter, cashier and dispenser of goodwill; the order had been given for a simple and cautious meal, and then came the question of drink. "What, nothing to drink, Madame?" No. "No wine, Madame?" No. "Not even water to drink!" No. "Nothing what*ever* to drink"—each with a rising crescendo of incredulity. "But, Madame," he cried, in most genuine concern and with the naïveté of a small boy, "it—it won't go down!"

The ingenuous camaraderie (accompanied with invariable courtesy) is often a bit disconcerting to one with New England habits of mind, but at the same time it is a challenge,—a challenge to come out from one's reserves and meet such generosity half-way. Matter-of-fact, business-like, practical, wholly intent, it may be, on their own affairs, these simple people seemed instantly able to detach themselves from their own interests, and, often quite unsolicited, to give themselves completely to another's apparent need; also to meet any friendliness with a generous outpouring of goodwill. For those of us who are struggling along the lower stages of the Path, they afford a worthwhile lesson in detachment from self. For in one sense, it is selflessness, though of course such a statement is open to misunderstanding. The taxi driver who demands a tip equivalent to his fare, or the energetic madame with flying

knitting needles who admits you to her inn with an appraising stare that seems to note each flaw in character, have not left self behind. They may be irritatingly intent on satisfying at your expense some of that self's less fortunate propensities—but they need no "degumming process", as many of us do, to extricate them from it. They wear self as an outer garment, rather than as a coat of skin.

In contrast with outlying districts, Paris at first sight seemed a part of another land, beautiful with a lavish prodigality of beauty, yet subtly disappointing. The throngs on the boulevards, with their foreign faces and their polyglot speech, tend at first to blot out everything that is France. One finds there little but that lamentable, restless searching for a "good time" (or among the older and more disillusioned, for "something to help pass the time"), which is characteristic of certain classes throughout the western world. So obviously, to borrow a phrase from *Light on the Path*, "human life is the governing power, not that which lies beyond it." Here, as nearly everywhere that pleasure-seekers congregate, one is impressed by the thinness, the parchedness, the ghastly emptiness so far as inner things are concerned, of most people's lives, and, in contrast, by the richness and depth of the life which Theosophy offers, if we will really enter in. As for Paris, one can sense that with its tremendous, pulsating force, its life is the source of the life of the country—as the heart is, in one sense, the source of the life of the body; at the same time, in a brief and hurried visit, it is only here and there, in some relic of the past, full of wistful loveliness and charm, or in some unexpected glimpse of simple everyday life, that one finds the characteristic atmosphere of the land. But these are worth waiting for, and when met, come with the joy of discovery. One such bit I enjoyed by proxy, when a none too reverent sight-seer told of withdrawing in awed silence, on discovering at the tomb of Saint Genevieve, a father, mother, and five little children, each with his candle lighted, kneeling in prayer to the saint. Another enterprising visitor went shortly after dawn—a magic hour for that particular trip, it seems—to see the markets; then stepped into the nearby Church of Saint Eustace (famed perhaps the world over for its music), and found there the market women, basket on arm, redolent of peppers and garlic and herbs, making their morning devotions.

Still another characteristic incident occurred in the wide stretch before the Invalides, where several thousand people, on a Sunday afternoon, were gathered expectantly about an open oval. Investigation showed at the upper end of the ring, thirty or more little children, perhaps five years old, decked out in light blue with white caps. Some were drawn up in toy automobiles, others on "scooters", and still others in little boats with wheels. It was the children's race, an annual event, and French mamas and papas were delighting, this glorious Sunday afternoon, in the delight of the youngsters—a happy picture, and another facet of the genius of the people. They seem to live *an* inner life in a sense,—seem to have learned the art of turning inward and finding their resources within themselves.

Here and there, in delightfully unexpected places, one comes across these glimpses of the French genius: the porter on the quai, with the swarthy and forbidding aspect of a pirate, who, when victorious by a franc in a question of fee, laughed back with the merry eyes of a little *gamin;* a nun in her convent, with radiantly joyous face, lighted by an inner shining. All of these people are like the minute organisms in a coral reef. We visit now, with delight, marvellous cathedrals and castles from a bygone age, works of art of many and varied kinds, and call them, rightly, an expression of the French genius. It is not always that we think of the thousands of lives whose blended consciousness made these great monuments possible, and which still live in and through them. Similarly, the pirate, the nun, and the peasant, unknown to themselves, are uniting in a consciousness which will find expression in some thing of beauty over which future generations may marvel, with little thought of these now living elements who give their lives to its making.

It would be a satisfaction to have someone wise in theosophical matters trace the seven principles of theosophical teaching, as applied to a nation such as France. Doubtless it is comparatively obvious in a nation that is old enough and evolved enough to be reasonably well individualized. Each one of us will probably think of certain places, certain historical epochs and developments, as particularly expressive of a principle. Versailles in its glory, and the life and spirit which animated it, immediately occur to me as a very complete expression of one principle. A higher one is suggested by the Cathedral of Chartres, not only in the far past when self-sacrifice, devotion, aspiration were built into it with every added stone, but in the present as well, for one still finds there an almost palpable and visible manifestation of spirit. It is the place where the soul of France is enshrined—or better to say *one* of the places, for one finds elsewhere, as well, suggestions of the same ensoulment. A wayside shrine may breathe it forth; Millet found and tried to depict it in the life of the peasants, the highest reflected in the lowliest; a sunset in the Loire valley is radiant with it, earth and sky wrapt in silent adoration of a beauty beyond the visible loveliness of the scene. What we feel, may be the accumulation of centuries of aspiration, adoration, consecration. Whatever it be, it affords contact, if we will, with its own sources of inspiration, with higher levels from which everyday life, with its perplexities and harassments, drops away, leaving us for the moment free. Any such contact with the spiritual undercurrent of the country must perforce bring to one an added realization of the power of spiritual contagion, and of our great debt to those beings—whoever and wherever they be, the world over—who by lives of aspiration and devotion are pouring into the inner world, force for the buoying-up of mankind; and at the same time comes an overwhelming sense of the inestimable privilege which many of us are granted, in contacting such a fountainhead of force and power as membership in the T. S. may disclose to us.

MINUS.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student did not wait to be called upon. As soon as we had assembled he issued a reminder to "all and sundry" that The Theosophical Society, and its organ, the QUARTERLY, provide an open platform for the discussion by members of every theosophical subject, including that of Universal Brotherhood; he added that he desired to exercise his privilege by telling the truth, as he saw it, in regard to the Conference at The Hague and the present international situation. "The English press," he said, "appears to be almost unanimous in the opinion that the behaviour of Chancellor Snowden has 'placed British prestige in the eyes of Europe on a pedestal higher than it has occupied at any time since the Armistice' (*Daily Express*)." Then he went on: "That England has reacted against the Young recommendations, I do not wonder. As some English newspaper remarked, she is tired of these American experts whose function it seems to be to discover new reasons why Germany should pay less, and England more. But while I sympathize with England's disgust, I deplore her selection of a representative who appears to be incapable of expressing what could and should have been stated with complete regard for the sufferings and difficulties of the other Allied nations. Above all I regret that no one seems to have learned the most evident lesson of the Conference, namely, that 'open' diplomacy, with its public discussion of international affairs, is a mistake, and is certain to sow the seed of future wars. It means that the representatives of nations, instead of concentrating their efforts upon arriving at an understanding among themselves, talk to the gallery, strike attitudes, and think more of their constituents at home than of those with whom they are supposed to be conferring. The mob only half understands, and retains from the report of such discussions, no more than a blind resentment and a desire to 'get even'. This tendency is aggravated by the press of each participating country, which seems to think it 'patriotic' to suppress any arguments, or any facts, which tell against the claims of its national representatives. Thus, according to the *Courrier des États Unis*, published in New York, H. N. Brailsford, a member of the English Labour party, wrote to the *New Leader* from The Hague, complaining that the English press had failed completely to give a résumé of the French position, and that it had ignored the speech of M. Chéron (the French Minister of Finance), though, among other merits, it had been 'a model of courtesy', and had called attention to facts which were not known in England. Quite apart, however, from such lamentable suppression of the truth in order to 'make it unanimous', —imagine trying to settle a dispute between neighbours by inviting the public to attend a free-for-all wrangle about their conflicting grievances! The whole procedure is typical of the democratic obsession, and is, therefore, completely lacking in common-sense.

"As to 'prestige', it should be evident, I think, that rudeness does not show strength, but weakness. In any case the impression made by the Labour Chancellor upon the more intelligent classes in this country, was that he lacked the courage to tell the truth; for they knew that he was indulging himself at the expense of those from whom he had nothing to fear financially, while toward America, which is obviously responsible for the financial pressure on Europe, and for the differences at issue between France and England, he maintained an attitude of entire civility."

"In what way is America responsible for the differences between France and England?" asked our Visitor, in a tone of surprise.

"Read Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell's speech at the Convention, in the July issue of the QUARTERLY. He answered your question much more fully than I can. Morally, the Allied nations owe this country nothing; in fact the debt is the other way round. Technically, America is in a position to collect as much or as little as she chooses: and America elects to stand on her technical rights. Everyone in Europe knows this; everyone in America who has studied the question with an open mind, knows it also. Snowden, fearing this country financially, or, rather, fearing the effect on his constituents if he said anything to ruffle the 'patriotism' of Senator Borah and people of that type,—Snowden chose to treat France and Italy as the real culprits. It was not courageous, but cowardly; and America admires courage.

"Another absurdity: in a dispatch to the New York *Sun* from The Hague, dated August 20th, the attitude of the British Labour delegates is explained on the ground that 'Great Britain knows well that Germany can pay her reparation debt only by huge exports of goods to foreign markets. Fearing German competition, *Britain wishes that the German reparation debt be promptly decreased and if possible cancelled*, and consequently opposes complete and final settlement of the reparations problem by the marketing of German reparation bonds.'

"This is not charity; it is supposed to be business, and is, of course, the logical outcome of the arguments advanced by Keynes at the time of the Paris Conference in 1919,—arguments adopted by Lloyd George, and also by Winston Spencer Churchill, whose version of them is worth considering if we would follow, with any degree of comprehension, the mental processes which have culminated in the extraordinary 'wish' I have quoted, namely, that Germany's debt to the Allies be cancelled,—for, to meet the wishes of the British Labour Party, it would not be sufficient for Britain to cancel Germany's debt to her; Germany's debt to *all* the Allies must be wiped out."

"Before you tell us about Churchill's argument, will you please explain how England and France could pay America, if Germany's debt to them were to be cancelled?"

"Ask Mr. Snowden and his confrères, not me! I assume he would tax British capital out of existence, for the glory of democracy, and for the particular benefit of the British workman; though how the British workman could be paid his wages out of nothing, is a mystery I cannot solve. Certain

it is that, with capital extinguished—by being paid over to America—British manufacture, commerce, shipping, would disappear.

"Churchill, in *The Aftermath*, speaking of the Election which followed the Armistice of November 11th, 1918, says that the crux of the whole situation was the German indemnity. May I read it to you? It begins on page 31: '"Hang the Kaiser" was a matter of sentiment, but "make them pay" involved facts and figures. The first question was—How much could they pay? No General Election, no popular demand, no Ministerial promises could settle this. It was easy to sequestrate or surcharge all German property abroad and to require the surrender of all gold in German hands. But apart from this, payment from one country to another can only be made in goods or services. These goods or services may be rendered directly to the creditor country or they may be rendered to third parties . . . Something that a German has made must be carried out of his country in a ship, or in a train, or in a cart, and must be accepted directly or indirectly in payment of his debt. Now the amount of goods which the Germans could make in a year exceeded the amount that could physically be carried out of the country by any vehicles then in existence, and this reduced amount again far exceeded what other countries, including the creditor countries, wished to receive. For instance, the Germans could and would readily have set to work to rebuild all the ships their submarines had sunk—but what was to happen to British shipbuilding if they did? They could no doubt make every form of manufactured article; but surely we had not fought the war in order to have all our native industries ruined by state-fostered dumping on a gigantic scale! They could export coal for nothing, and have done so regularly since, but the advantage to the British coal-fields has not been obvious. . . .

" 'There remained', continues Mr. Churchill, 'the method of service. The Germans could, for instance, have manned all the merchant ships and carried everybody's goods at German expense till further notice, thus gaining the complete carrying trade of the world; or the Germans could go in scores of thousands into France and into Belgium and build up by their labour the houses that had been destroyed and recultivate the devastated areas. As, however, they had just been turned out of these very places at so much expense, and had left some unpleasant memories behind them, the inhabitants of these regions, having at last got back to the ruins of their homes, were not at all anxious to see the German face or hear the German tongue again so soon. Something might be done in all of these directions, but it was evident to anyone with the slightest comprehension of economic facts that the limits would very soon be reached and could not possibly be exceeded. They were limits not removable by ignorance and passion.'

"Mr. Churchill concludes his statement as follows: 'The bill for the damage was many months later scaled down to between six and seven thousand millions sterling. This figure was not known at the Election. Had it been known, it would have been scouted. Germany could, by lowering the wages and lengthening the hours of labour, and by limiting the profits of capital,

undoubtedly pay very large sums; but then by this same process she would render herself the overmastering, if profitless, competitor in every market. Even so the result would be but a fraction of the damage done. In olden times a conquering army carried off in its own way all movable property in the territory which it ravaged, and in antiquity the conquerors drove along with them in a state of slavery all the men and women who were likely to be of use. Sometimes also a tribute was exacted for many years or in perpetuity. But what was now expected was on a scale utterly beyond these comparatively simple procedures. The payment of even the most moderate indemnity on a modern scale required the revival and maintenance of a superlative state of scientific production in Germany, and of the highest commercial activity. Yet those who clamoured for enormous figures were also the foremost in proposing every method by which German trade and industry could be crippled.'

"So much for Mr. Churchill: superficially his arguments appear unanswerable. Further, it can readily be seen that their logical outcome would be the 'wish' which *The Sun* attributes to the present British Ministry. But does Churchill state more than half of the truth? I do not pretend to be a financial expert or economist, but Viscount D'Abernon, formerly Sir Edgar Vincent, years ago was appointed Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, and became Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank in Constantinople, solely because of his reputation as a leading financier; and in his *Versailles to Rapallo, The Diary of an Ambassador*, he says: 'The idea that by abandoning the demand for reparation, England would diminish the danger of German commercial competition, is ludicrous. Exactly the opposite would occur: the danger would be increased' (page 245).

"Perhaps, however, I had better read you his argument also. He says: 'The idea is gaining ground in England that the demand on Germany for the payment of reparation can only be satisfied by an increased export of German goods, and that this increased export would destroy English industry. There is much which is inaccurate in this view. The true cause of the danger of German competition is not the demand for reparation, but the fact that German cost of production is infinitely below the British and American level. This is due partly to German workmen working more and getting less; partly also to improved methods and improved economy devised during the war, but mainly to the fact that German industry is subventioned while ours is taxed. For Germany the war was a period of hard work at low cost on a bare subsistence. For us it was a period of high production at improved wages and on an improved standard of living. The English workers learned to expect more, the German workers learned to expect less. Add to this, high taxation which has to be paid in England, low taxation which is not paid in Germany, and you have the contrast. In so far as the payment of reparation affects the question, the result of exacting payments must obviously be to increase and not to diminish German cost of production, provided the indemnity is paid by taxation and not by inflation, and that the present practice of subventions to German industry through insufficient railway rates, through coal, and

through food subventions is abandoned.' Then he concludes: 'The idea that by abandoning the demand for reparation England would diminish the danger of German commercial competition is ludicrous. Exactly the opposite would occur: the danger would be increased.'

"Lord D'Abernon also says (page 243): 'The root fallacy of Rathenau [German Foreign Minister] and his school is to imagine that balance of trade is a cause and not a result. They say Germany has a debit balance of trade, therefore she cannot pay this or that. The truth is that she has a debit balance of trade because she has not been compelled to pay, has not been compelled to tax; because Germany is consuming more than she legitimately could if she met her obligations. What is in reality the result of non-payment of reparations is put forward as a proof of inability to pay. It is not only the cart before the horse, but the cart dragging the horse. Apart from the question of reparation and of the desirability or the danger of obtaining for England certain quantities of goods without payment, the most important problem of the economic future is the equalization of the cost of production between Germany and, say, England. . . . How to obtain equalization of the cost of production is admittedly a difficult problem, but it is clear that a first step must be the removal of all indirect subventions to German industry which enable it to under-cut foreign competition, while a second measure would be the levying of such taxes in Germany as will bring the German tax level to at least a parity with the tax level in England and France.'

"Further (page 302): 'Rathenau talks as if a passive trade balance was a sign of poverty. It is nothing of the kind. All rich countries had passive trade balances—Great Britain, France, etc. They did not produce any gold, yet they were able to meet the position. The most heavily indebted countries have had the most favourable trade balances—e.g., Egypt, because she was paying her debts and could not, therefore, buy for consumption the full counter-value of her exports. Similarly, if Germany paid her debts and raised the necessary sum by taxation, her imports would be less than her exports, i.e., she would consume less and sell more. Rathenau takes the balance of trade as an unalterable fact revealing the condition of the patient. He listens through a stethoscope: "Exports are less than imports; the patient's condition is serious." But this condition is produced by the patient at will, and can be altered as he chooses. It is the direct result of his diet, and proves, not that he is ill, but that he is living beyond his means.'

"So much for Lord D'Abernon: now I resume on my own account, and, first, it must be evident that if German workmen were to work twice as long for half the wages of British workmen, then, other things being equal, German goods would cost much less to produce, and Germany could undersell Britain in foreign markets,—not to speak of British markets, unless tariff walls were erected (as in this country) to protect 'home'-industries. From my own point of view, Trade Unionism is ruining England commercially, because it maintains artificially a scale of wages and hours of labour which make competition with other manufacturing countries, practically impossible. Natu-

rally, however, the present Trade Union Government of England cannot afford to recognize the facts under that head, so it blames conditions on the only obvious peculiarity of the international economic situation, namely, the payment by Germany of damages for the destruction she caused during the war. That damage was so enormous, however (and you will remember how Germany deliberately destroyed French coal mines and manufacturing plants, in order to cripple France after the war), that full payment for it, in cash, is a physical impossibility. She could pay the war pensions now being paid by the Allied nations, to their war widows and orphans and cripples; but this would be a mere fraction of what she owes. A problem exists which ought not to exist, and which would not exist if the Allies, when determining their terms of peace, had based their decisions upon right principle, instead of upon a mistaken idea of expediency. This is where Theosophy makes clear that which is hidden from the wise of this world; for Theosophy insists that action based upon right principle must necessarily be wise—the only wise procedure—and that confusion and disaster are the inevitable results of thinking exclusively of hypothetical consequences. That is one reason why a discussion of the subject, in my opinion, may properly be given space in the 'Screen.'"

"'Light, more light!'" cried our Visitor. "What do you suggest the Allies might have done?"

"Let us see if an analogy will help us,—though it will be incomplete, and will omit many of the leading characters. Imagine two rival general-stores in a small town,—the Smith store and the Brown store. Smith attacks Brown; seriously injures his wife and children, and damages Brown's store and his goods to the tune of five thousand dollars. His object had been to put Brown out of business. The police arrive, as usual, when it is all over; in any case, too late to prevent the damage. Now Brown has good natural impulses; he feels that he owes something to the community, and that men ought to be punished, as a warning to themselves and others, if they behave like brigands and thugs. Brown's common-sense tells him that unless Smith is punished, not only will he infer, rightly, that he can commit outrages with impunity, but others, also, will draw the same conclusions, the result being a general demoralization of the town and neighbourhood. So Brown decides to prosecute Smith and have him sent to jail. At this point the local banker steps in, with an eye to business (both Brown and Smith have accounts with him). 'If you send Smith to jail', he argues, 'you will never be able to collect the damages he owes you; he has at most a hundred dollars in the bank, and he owes you at least five thousand. Besides, there are some things he buys from you, so you would lose a customer as well. Be a good Christian (the banker was not a Christian); don't be revengeful; don't punish his wife and children by ruining him; use horse-sense: accept his notes for five thousand dollars, and let him work them off. I will discount his notes, for a consideration, and will see to it that he works.' Brown, unfortunately, had no knowledge of Theosophy, no realization that a principle is a statement of spiritual law and of far-sighted, enlightened common-sense; so he was 'open to reason',

and finally allowed himself to be over-persuaded. He accepts Smith's promissory notes, and both of them resume business,—Brown at a great disadvantage because of the damage to his store and to his stock. A few months later, when Smith can no longer be prosecuted for arson and his other acts of violence, he informs Brown that he cannot possibly pay as much as he has promised to pay, and that unless Brown will reduce the total by one half or thereabouts, he, Smith, will be forced into bankruptcy, which means that the banker will get something, and Brown, nothing. Smith meanwhile has borrowed from everyone in town, and as they naturally want to get their money back, they have taken to dealing with him rather than with Brown, so that Brown's business is disappearing, while Smith's has doubled. Finally, it is explained to Brown that, because of Smith's remaining indebtedness to him, Smith is working over-time and on Sundays and holidays, making it almost hopeless for Brown to compete with him, so that the best thing for Brown to do is to cancel the debt entirely, a further reason for doing so being that Smith might then be able to pay back what he has recently borrowed from all the rest of the town, which would remove the incentive to deal with him rather than with Brown.

"Need I prolong the agony, or point out that if Brown, in the first place, had stood firmly by what he knew to be right, unmoved by arguments of expediency, he would have been infinitely better off in the end, both morally and materially? For Smith, in prison, where he belonged, would have ceased to exist as a competitor; Brown would have collected whatever cash Smith possessed—and it would have been more than a hundred dollars, because all of Smith's property would have been sold to pay the damages to which Brown was entitled legally; and if Smith had concealed none of his assets (most improbable), leaving his wife and children without means of support, Brown could have been just as charitable to them as his sense of justice permitted."

"Incidentally", said the Philosopher at this point, "perhaps your analogy will help some people to understand why Brown's best friends feel at times, from sheer exasperation, as if they would like to wring his neck!"

"But", our Visitor protested, "how could the Allies have put Germany in prison!"

" 'Prison'," answered the Student, "must of course be interpreted by analogy; not literally. Punishment with confinement is the idea, and the recovery of real damages instead of huge paper promises. What actually happened?

"President Wilson, representing the United States, was concerned chiefly about what our Allies should *not* secure from Germany, laying it down as axiomatic that no war expenses, no 'costs', should be collected from her—though Germany's attack had caused all those expenses—and that reparation should be made only for pensions and for material damage done. Congress improved on this, later, by saying in effect: 'All we want is the sum of twenty-one thousand million dollars, including interest, which our friends, the Allied nations, borrowed from us to enable them to continue the war while we were

getting ready.' From first to last, President Wilson, on your behalf and mine ['Never!' from various sources], objected to nearly everything that any of our Allies wanted. He was successful in this whenever he could obtain the support of England against France.

"England, presenting her demands, said in effect: 'We want the German fleet and the German Colonies (things, not promises), and as much more as we can collect.' France did not object; therefore England got what she wanted.

"France knew well what she wanted and needed,—the left bank of the Rhine as her frontier, the only way to 'contain' Germany and in that sense to imprison, or to keep her securely within bounds. Her desire was opposed by England, publicly by Lord Balfour in 1917, in spite of the fact that the Czar's government had formally approved of it in February of that year. Later, just after the Armistice, Marshal Foch sketched a plan which, according to C. H. Haskins, edited by Colonel House (*What Really Happened at Paris*, p. 52), 'comprised the moving of the German frontier back to the Rhine, an independent régime for the Left Bank, and the occupation of the Rhine bridges until the full execution of the terms of peace. Such a plan was approved, before the opening of the Peace Conference, by the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the French Chamber.'

"This plan was a modification of France's real desire and need, and was intended as a compromise. Even so, it was rejected absolutely by England and by President Wilson. When Clemenceau reduced the French requirements to a minimum, and demanded only the Saar Basin, which adjoins Lorraine, with the Palatinate between it and the Rhine, and insisted, in spite of the united opposition of Wilson and Lloyd George,—the American representative announced that he had ordered the 'George Washington' to proceed to Brest, and that he would withdraw from the Conference. Clemenceau gave in: why? I do not know (we must wait for the explanation which he is now writing), but everyone knows that France had been bled white, and that she had become more or less dependent, temporarily, upon loans by America and England. England had held back nothing, either in men or money, from the day she had entered the war; but she had been utterly unprepared for it, and France had carried over ninety per cent of the burden for a considerable period. France had loaned to Belgium alone, over $600,000,000, and about $900,000,000 more to her other Allies, including Russia. Her national debt had been increased from $660,000,000 (pre-war) to $27,000,000,000 (1919), or over fortyfold. At the time of the Armistice, the majority of her able-bodied male population were under arms,—and it costs money to keep armies in the field. In brief, America held the purse-strings, and I suspect that Clemenceau gave in, because he knew that he could not do otherwise. If England had supported him, he could have won his point somehow; but England did not support him; England did not want France to remain possessed of the Saar Basin, partly because its valuable coal mines would have given France manufacturing advantages which, very foolishly,

England regarded as dangerous: it would have made France 'too powerful.' The utmost Clemenceau could extract, as part compensation for the destruction of French coal mines by Germany, was, according to a Pro-German statement (*Ploetz' Manual of Universal History*, p. 748): 'Saar basin to be exploited for fifteen years by France under the political control of an international commission and with a plebiscite at the end of fifteen years to decide the ultimate fate of the district.' As Professor Haskins rather proudly says: 'President Wilson remained firm against any form of annexation or protectorate.' In other words, the simple but vital underlying principle was condemned as undemocratic and 'revengeful',—just as many sentimental theorists condemn the punishment of criminals by our Courts; the plain commonsense of the matter was completely ignored; France was outrageously treated."

"But I thought", said our Visitor, "that President Wilson based his objection to annexation upon the principle of self-determination; that he refused to allow an unwilling population to be turned over to France; that he insisted upon the right to local self-government."

"Please do not call that a 'principle' ", the Student protested. "How about the Philippines? How about *me!* As a Protestant citizen of the State of New York, am I not governed by the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy, in league with the Jews and Germans? As a citizen of the United States of America, was I not represented at the Versailles Peace Conference by President Wilson? Could any resident of the Saar Valley have suffered worse tortures as a French subject, than I and thousands of other Americans suffered then,—and still suffer? Self-determination, my friend, exists nowhere,—outside of the Kingdom of Heaven, that is to say, outside of the Lodge. Theosophy insists upon the truth, pleasant or unpleasant. Ideals are facts, far more real than the facts of this plane; but they are not facts either of or on this plane. In my innermost self I am immortal, but if I mix my planes and imagine that my physical body is immortal and is above the need of food and clothing, I shall get into trouble. President Wilson's thesis was fundamentally ridiculous. On a practical basis, however, a discontented population is never desirable; so, ideally speaking, it was the part of America and England to declare that the frontier of France must run to the Rhine; that the French language only should be taught in the schools, and that new homes in other sections of Germany should be found, at Germany's expense, for any inhabitants of the Rhine Provinces who would not willingly take an oath of allegiance as French citizens. Nothing short of that would have compensated France for the damage she suffered at Germany's hands during the war; would have insured France, to some extent, against future invasion; would have taught Germany a lasting lesson. If that had been done, as it so clearly ought to have been done, France would now be in possession of *things*, instead of disappearing promises,—with no need for wrangles at the Hague."

"I don't see, though, how the possession of more territory would help France to pay her debt to America", our Visitor objected.

"But I am considering", the Student answered, "what *ought* to have been,

partly as illustrative of what I should venture to call theosophical thinking, and partly because I want to lay the tracks, in an occult sense, for *next time*. On that basis, America would have said to all her Allies—to England, France, Belgium, Italy: 'Do not think of repaying me now; wait for twenty years or so, until you have recovered from your wounds, and then repay me as much as you can.' Too much to expect from America? At present, yes,—as the event has proved. But who knows what the future may contain! In any case you must admit that America's interference with the natural course of events—and the annexation by France of the Rhine Provinces was the natural and obvious solution of the reparation problem—has left the world in a terrible mess, and that my story of Smith and Brown finds its analogy in the international situation to-day."

"Would not your solution have been distinctly hard on the German population of the Rhine Provinces?"

"Not in the least", the Student answered cheerfully; then his face darkened, and he added: "I am assuming, of course, that their women would not have been outraged. You had better read 'War Memories' in this issue of the QUARTERLY, and then the Bryce Report. 'Hard' on the German population of the border provinces! How about the population of the French border provinces during the German invasion? But I am not suggesting that the German inhabitants, in the settlement after the war, should have been removed by French troops; that would have been the responsibility of the German police, under the supervision of an Allied Commission; and it would have been the privilege of the German Government to compensate its own nationals for their loss of property, instead of paying, or promising to pay, such large sums to France. It should be remembered in this connection, however, that the more valuable coal mines in the Saar basin, and much property elsewhere in the Rhine Provinces, were owned either by Prussia or Bavaria as States; so that less compensation than might be supposed would have had to be paid by the German Government to individuals."

"How about Palestine?" our Visitor now asked. He was getting, for him, a new view of world problems, and was evidently interested.

"Ask the Historian", the Student countered.

"There is altogether too much history in it for me", the Historian laughed. "I wish we had with us a worldly-wise Jew, such as one of the English or French Rothschilds. You would find, I believe, that he would say, 'I told you so!' Such men know their own people, and know how detestably aggressive they can be toward native races, when protected by a power such as England; they would realize perfectly that the Arabs must have been driven to desperation. It is a curious situation. For nearly two hundred years, or from 1096 to 1291, Europe spent itself like water to recover the Holy Land, the land of Christ, from the Mohammedans. It seemed to the Christians of those days that the Holy Sepulchre was holy, and that its possession by unbelievers was a shame and a disgrace. As we know, Jerusalem was surrendered by the Turks to the British under Lord Allenby, in December, 1917.

It was Lord Balfour, the exponent of 'philosophic doubt', who conceived the original idea of handing Palestine over to the Jews,—though he went further than that, inasmuch as he committed England to the responsibility of protecting the Jews against the Arabs, who outnumbered the Jews by more than ten to one, and who had at least as much right to the country. Every possible effort was then made to induce Jews from other parts of the world to move there. The result was that the scum of eastern Europe (any honest Jew will admit this) drifted into Palestine, to be supported, in many cases, by the theoretical but very generous Zionists of Europe and America. The whole procedure, in my opinion, was thoroughly artificial and wrong.

"But I am hoping that good will come out of the recent disturbances. My hope is based upon a brief editorial in the *New York Times* of August 28th. It is headed, 'A Shock to the World', and reads as follows: 'Whatever may be thought or said of past mistakes or present responsibilities in Palestine, there is but one feeling about the shocking news from that country. It is a recrudescence of horror. We had come to think such reports of rapine and massacre impossible. The authentic stories of ferocity and fanaticism bring with them a terrible reminder that the world is not yet free of "habitations of cruelty." A complacent civilization finds it all a rude and painful blow. People may not agree concerning causes or remedies, but can be of only one mind about the appalling nature of these flames darting up from the abyss.'

"The *New York Times* has discovered that the abyss is still there; and this may mean that others who, during recent years, have made daily sacrifice of their intelligence on the altar of what they call Peace, have also discovered that the abyss is still there: a most important discovery. I speak of the *New York Times* only because it is typical. So far as I am aware, all 'responsible' newspapers have been playing the same little game with themselves, for the benefit of their readers, I suppose: since the Armistice, or in any case since Locarno, the whole world has changed; Germany has become a lamb, to be petted and praised; armies and navies are a needless extravagance; 'the people' —sometimes it is 'the great heart of humanity'—'the people' of all nations desire peace and hate war and wickedness; it is only the old-time statesmen (their few survivors) who cannot be trusted,—unless they are German, in which case, like Bernstorff, they have, of course, completely 'changed their spots.' What folly! What inconceivable ignorance of human nature! Could there be better proof that the men who believe such things know absolutely nothing of themselves? No man who has fought himself; who has honestly tried to turn himself into a new creature; who perhaps has laboured at this for twenty years or more, could fail to realize that the old devils are still there, no matter how tame they may seem in comparison with what used to be, and that even when the effort is constant and sincere (and when is it even *conscious* in the case of a nation!), he still lives, like Paul the Apostle, 'in jeopardy every hour.' Take, for instance, a relatively minor fault, such as irritability: does it not need, in many of us, to be kept down with an iron hand? And must not the same thing be true of mob and of racial irritability,

when these may lead so easily to wholesale murder and to war? Where would the Palestine Jews be to-day if Malta were not an armed camp, and if England's fleet were not riding the seven seas? A nation may have irritable, not to mention predatory neighbours; and when either men or nations 'see red'—as the Arabs are now seeing—we ought to know by this time that they care nothing for consequences, nothing for law and order, or for Courts of Justice, and that their one dominating determination is to kill and plunder. What else does the history of the world prove,—or one's own experience, living in any city, big or little, in any part of the world? Do these 'Christian Science' politicians imagine that human nature can be made over in ten years? Not in ten hundred years, if experience means anything!"

"What is the lesson of all of this for the average student of Theosophy?" the Recorder now asked, thinking always of the different readers of the "Screen."

It was the Philosopher who volunteered to answer. "That he should learn to reason by analogy as an aid to the discovery of the principles involved in any problem,—or so it seems to me", he said. "Further, that he should project his personal problems, imaginatively, into the lives of others, forgetting himself, so as to see the facts with greater detachment. Finally, our terrible need for Lodge guidance, for Lodge control."

"How long must we wait for that?" the Beginner ventured.

"I do not know. If I were to rely solely upon reason for an answer, I should say, thousands of years; but the real answer is contained in the Christian Master's parable: 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.' It does not take much leaven to leaven a lump. In other words, everything depends upon how many of us are prepared daily to live and daily to die for love and desire of that goal."

"What did you mean, a few minutes ago, by your reference to 'next time'?" our Visitor now inquired, turning to the Student, who was evidently amused, but pleased too, by the questioner's pertinacity. "The Smith of my inadequate parable", he replied, "had wanted Brown's store, and would not be likely, having escaped punishment, to abandon his purpose. To get right to the point (though I had England more than France in mind, when imagining Brown),—Germany is certain to attack France again, and some of us expect to be there when it happens. No, not in this life; not as soon as that! We are anxious to learn from the mistakes of the past,—the mistakes of 1918–1919 included. The situation will really need a Genghis Khan to do it justice; but we shall have to do our modest best. You may regard my programme, if you choose, as a *ballon d'essai*."

The Student seemed to be uncommonly amused, while our Visitor, obviously, was not sure whether he was joking or not. The Philosopher perhaps thought that the subject had been carried far enough. In any case he introduced an entirely different topic.

"What an unreal world it is!" he exclaimed. "We live on fancies, and

die because of them. The word, democracy, does not represent a fact—for where in Nature, or among men, is it to be found! It is a dream, and although some of us would call it a nightmare, most people seem to regard existence under any other *name*, as synonymous with slavery. Someone said to me the other day that whatever the shortcomings of the twentieth century might be, it had in any case abolished hell, and the fear of hell. He was quite annoyed when I assured him that I know several people who are in hell, who have lived there for years, and who will certainly continue to live there when they die. I explained to him that both hell and heaven are states of consciousness, or states of feeling if you choose, which result from different habits of the imagination; and I gave him illustrations from my own observation and experience. But he was not going to be deprived of his faith in 'modern progress' if he could help it, and as that seemed to be the only faith he had, it seemed only kind to leave him to its enjoyment."

"Tell us about your friends in hell", the Student requested.

The Philosopher smiled. "One", he said, "is a woman who is supported entirely by her married sisters, through the generosity of their husbands. She is not insane, but has convinced herself that they are wickedly unkind because they do not give her more; she writes them abusive and threatening letters, summoning them before 'the bar of heaven' to answer for their cruelty. She runs into debt, and demands, as a moral right, that her debts be paid. Her face is a picture of misery and despair. She has no claim on her sisters, except that of blood. They give her all they can afford, which is enough for a modest living. The victim has brooded over her imaginary wrongs until they are more real to her than the food she eats.

"Another of my friends in hell is a man who is wildly jealous of his wife. She is devoted to her brother, and delights to talk with him about things in which her husband is not particularly interested. She loves her husband, but he refuses to believe it because of her devotion to her brother. I do not mean that he speaks of his jealousy, either to her or to others, for his pride makes this impossible.

"Pride, by which sin fell the angels—a false pride, of course, which is the opposite of self-respect—pride also accounts for the hell of another of my acquaintances who, knowing he was in the wrong, left his home in a passion, swearing he would never return. He returned, and apologized for his outburst, but without any admission of his initial wrong-doing, which had led to his father's reproaches and to his own bad-tempered rejoinder. He knows, in one part of himself, that he behaved outrageously, but he stuffs this knowledge away, beneath the surface of his consciousness, seeming to justify himself on the ground that, no matter what he had done, his father was equally to blame because of the *manner* of his reproaches. His father's generosity of forgiveness, humiliates and mortifies him. Love of his father has turned into hatred. He is haunted day and night by a conscience to which he will not listen. He turns its pressure—because it has ceased to be more than dumb pressure—into a steadily increasing fire of resentment. The world in

which he lives is built entirely of his own imaginations. He imagines that to *admit* how wrongly he had behaved, would justify his father's 'abuse'. His imaginations feed his feeling, and his feeling starts his imagination in some new direction,—a vicious circle. He is in hell.

"Where do the rest of us live? Not in hell, I hope; but do we realize the extent to which our joys and sorrows, our fears and hopes—all our feelings, in short—are the off-spring of our imaginations? Do we realize that we can turn any pain into a pleasure, and any pleasure into a pain, merely by imagining differently about them? The only thing that keeps us at a distance from Masters is our imagination of distance."

"On that basis", the Beginner asked, "must not heaven also be a figment of our imagination?"

"It depends upon what you mean by the term", the Philosopher answered. "We need a third term to describe the real world,—the world of Masters and of the Lodge. Heaven, as ordinarily understood, *is* a state of dream, a Devachan, into which good people pass when they die,—people who have sought Goodness, but not Truth. The 'happy hunting grounds' of the American Indian, is the same state on a lower level. We must remember that, as a 'world', it is just as real as the world in which the same people live when on earth. The spiritual world—even to call it Paradise might be misleading—is the only world of reality. It is, as it were, at the apex of a triangle, with hell and heaven as the two opposite poles of the base."

"It would be dreadful to spend the time between two lives on earth, in a dream, no matter how blissful", the Beginner protested vigorously.

"It would be", the Philosopher agreed; "though perhaps no worse than spending the hours of sleep, between two days, in a very similar state. None of us, however, is forced to remain the creature, the victim, of his imagination. We are implored, in all the Scriptures, to set ourselves free. If we honestly seek the true, the real, in daily life, concerning all things, but especially about ourselves,—we shall carry with us, when we die, that same desire, and 'shall find what we seek': instead of passing from one dream to another—from the dream of life to the dream of heaven—we shall enter the world of the real, of 'the eternal', as *Light on the Path* calls it."

We were sitting in the woods. Our Visitor and the Beginner had left us. The sun, a huge red ball, had slowly disappeared, and silence had come over us as we watched it go. The stillness held everything; not a leaf quivered. We seemed curiously alone; and then, suddenly, no longer alone. The Recorder looked up, and saw——. There had been no sound of his approach. "When did you arrive, and from where? I thought you were in Syria." "I was", our Friend answered; "but that was some time ago."

It was the Philosopher who spoke next, after a long pause. "Tell us, if you will, where you have been, and what you have been doing. We are interested, as you know."

"I will tell you", the other answered. "I have been wandering,—wandering

up and down the earth, east and west, north and south, praying, believing, that I might give something of my sorrow to the places that I touched and to the souls that are suffocating in them. In countries, even, that are full of his presence, the people are losing the sense of it; they are turning here, to America, to its 'prosperity', for the example they must follow and for the cure of their daily ills. I have looked over spaces where the earth was full of his blessing, full of his love—hallowed, century after century, by the blood of martyrs, by the prayers of those who trusted him; a land of such inner beauty that to have dissolved and spread oneself over it, would have carried one into heaven,—and even there, the children leave their homes for the cities, where lights and noise make imitation of your 'success'. So I, too, have visited those cities, and have tried to fill them with the wordless grief and the unassuagable longing. Where he walks is beauty; but are there any who want it? for the beauty of the spirit is a sword that pierces your heart. To behold it—nay, to behold anything which deathless Love has touched—must leave you prostrate in adoration,—and in pity; for Love is alone and alone and alone, unloved and unwanted. If I speak to the birds or the grass or the trees, they understand; if I just say to them, 'The Master', they know what I mean, and worship; but if I speak to men, they either think they know, and do not, or, when kind and good, will try pathetically, in a dazed sort of way, to follow my vision with a mental effort that creaks and groans like a wooden bucket being lowered down a well, a bottomless well . . . . I would come here oftener, if, for a foreigner, it were less difficult to breathe; for there is work to be done, inner work, and too many of those who were born here, grow used to the absence of life."

" 'Absence of life'!" exclaimed the Student. "I should have thought we suffered from the 'too much life that kills.' "

"No", said our Friend; "the test of life is motive, for motive governs direction, and unless life flows toward the Spirit, it swings horizontally, and is sterile."

"What else did you do as you travelled from city to city? Did you meet ——— or ———? They were in Paris not long ago."

"Yes, I met them, but not in Paris. Naturally I had other things to do besides what I have told you. There are old centres, which must be visited to be kept alive; and there are new centres forming . . . ."

Then we talked of the past, by some almost forgotten, for others, quite vividly present; we sought meanings, and purpose, and lessons. We talked of the future, with plans and inner prayers. Then, as the day sank into darkness, we sat without speech,—one thought, one love, one desire, flooding our hearts, making straight the way of the Lord through the crooked paths of life, making clear the way of the Lord through the mists of lesser things.

T.

REVIEWS

What is Buddhism? An Answer from the Western Point of View, compiled and published by The Buddhist Lodge, London, 1929; price $1.00.

This is quite the best exposition of Buddhism known to us, its superiority being due to the fact that the Compilers have interpreted Buddhism in the light of Madame Blavatsky's teachings. It should do much to remove the widespread misunderstandings of Buddhism, promulgated in the nineteenth century by Rhys Davids, Max Müller and others. We recommend it to all students of Theosophy for this purpose, and also as a direct aid to their own liberation from the false sense of "I-ness". One and all of us, born in western bodies, are likely to be the victims, to a greater or less extent, of wrong self-identification; that is to say, we are inclined to identify ourselves, first with our bodies, and then with those desires, hopes, fears, and ordinary mental processes, which constitute the "personality". Buddhism attacks that illusion vigorously, logically, and persistently. Until we are free from it, we cannot hope to make spiritual progress in the true sense, or to become *reliable* servants of the Lodge of Masters. The reviewer does not believe, however, that the Compilers represent Buddhism correctly when stating (p. 98)—in reply to the question: "You said that we sometimes meet our friends beyond the veil of death. *When?*"—"On our return to earth. The intervening worlds are entirely subjective, but if there is a strong link of love or hate between two persons they will, sooner or later, be brought together on earth. . . ." It is easy, of course, to prove anything by quoting texts from Scriptures. One quotation, therefore, will be as convincing as none, or as many,—this being from the *Kullavagga* of the Vinaya Texts: "Now at that time a Koliyan, by name Kakudha, who had been (as Bhikkhu) the attendant on Moggallâna, had just died, and had appeared again in a certain spiritual body." Surely a body of any sort implies objectivity! The man *appeared*. Apart from that, is the world of our everyday, waking consciousness, less subjective than "the intervening worlds" between earth-lives? We see a tree, which is an "object"; but our actual vision of the tree, and all our ideas and impressions of it, are entirely subjective. There are "objects", including bodies, both psychic and spiritual, in the "intervening worlds", and there is no reason why the recognition of our friends in those worlds should not be just as easy, or just as difficult, as it is here.

The book contains chapters on "The Historic Buddha", "The Symbolic Buddha", sections on "The Four Noble Truths", on "Self, Karma and Rebirth", "The Noble Eightfold Path", "Nirvana", on "Schools of Buddhism", and deals with the attitude of Buddhism toward Science, Politics, Beauty and other subjects. It concludes with a useful Bibliography and Index.

E. T. H.

The History of Psychology, by W. B. Pillsbury; W. W. Norton & Co., New York; price, $3.50.

This book has merits, but the title is not one of them. It is a "history of psychology", with almost all the interesting history left out. It begins with a cursory sketch of the Greeks who "are usually regarded as the first to develop a specific philosophy and incidentally a psychology". There is no consideration of the great Indian schools which were flourishing in the time of Pythagoras. The whole of Egyptian psychology is summed up in the statement that it was "assumed that the soul might re-enter the body after death" (p. 12). The Neo-

platonists are scarcely mentioned. There is a complete neglect of all the data of mystical experience. As a result, the early part of Professor Pillsbury's work is like nothing so much as *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

However, after the author has reached Descartes, he becomes both interesting and interested. He has given a clear and simple description of the elements which combined to make modern psychology what it is.

It is a curious fact that psychology, once the science of consciousness, is to-day more materialistic than physics. This is not the result of any recent *volte-face*, for there are definite signs of the modern psychological attitude in the speculations of the English empiricists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "The English School . . . holds close to direct observation of the facts of mind. It is also characteristically little interested in the ultimate nature of objects or of mind" (p. 67). The English School, from Locke to Hartley, applied the inductive method, observing mental phenomena and grouping them according to recorded sequences. Hume, the most consistent of the empiricists, concluded that the whole universe can be reduced to the arbitrary succession and association of ideas and impressions. With much acumen, he denied the reality of the separate "self", but he did not admit the idea of a greater Self to take its place. There could be no question of discovering the essence of any idea or impression, every mental occurrence being regarded only as a phenomenon to be noted and described. The English empiricists lost the belief that "knowledge exists and is attainable", and their successors have not recovered it.

Psychology became an experimental science during the nineteenth century in Germany. Wilhelm Wundt was the central figure in its early development. "His ideal was to confirm each statement by experiment, and to rely upon proved fact as the real datum of the science" (p. 186). In other words, he applied to the phenomena of consciousness the methods of the laboratory which had proved so successful in physics and chemistry. These methods may have accomplished much by revealing the degree to which the human mind is regulated by automatic responses to stimuli, by animal impulses, and by subconscious motives; but they reveal exactly nothing about the higher or *apperceptive* states of our consciousness. The conclusions of the experimentalists are sufficiently involved and uncertain to justify William James' famous criticism of Wundt: "Cut him up like a worm and each fragment crawls; there is no *nœud vital* in his system, so that you can't kill him all at once."

Contemporary psychology is the product of the blending of the English empirical spirit with the German experimental mania. It is strongly influenced by the theory of organic evolution, with its corollary that human consciousness is nothing but a rearrangement of the factors of animal life. It is affirmed, with complete if unconscious cynicism, that human nature can be best understood by the study of animals at feeding time.

Professor Pillsbury enumerates six rival schools. The extreme "left wing" is held by the Behaviorists who "contend that consciousness has no existence, and that psychology should study only the actions of an organism, and that only from the outside, in another individual" (p. 272). At the other extreme, there is the Understanding School "which would give over all attempt to analyze consciousness or explain it causally, and be content to appreciate it and its ends" (p. 272). That sounds encouraging, but unfortunately these Understanding people are Germans; and so we read later that "their analysis has not gone much farther than to outline a program and cannot be judged by its results, in spite of several volumes devoted to its exposition" (p. 314).

Professor Pillsbury expresses the notion that sooner or later, through the operation of natural selection, some good will come out of the actual confusion. It seems to the present reviewer that there can be no salvation for modern psychology unless it becomes what it is supposed to be by definition, the study of consciousness. In order to understand the human mind, it is undoubtedly necessary to study the animal reactions and automatisms which affect its operations; but it is a fact of experience that these reactions and automatisms do not constitute the whole of human consciousness. Why does not someone adopt as a working hypothesis the idea that the human being is in essence not a beast but a spiritual entity?

S. L.

Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, An essay in Comparative Psychology, by Salvador de Madariaga; Oxford University Press, 1928.

This book is the outcome of close observation and intuitive understanding of national character in the case of three of the leading European nations. The author, who is Professor of Spanish at Oxford, has achieved a rare degree of detachment in writing of these three peoples. He considers that, in order to understand the genius of any nation, it is necessary to discover what is their "psychological centre of gravity". He postulates that this is to be found with the English in the will, with the French in the intellect, with the Spanish in the soul, while the "natural reaction towards life" in each of the three is respectively action, thought, passion. This hypothesis is worked out with admirable clearness and with the precision of a scientific method. The author illustrates his theories by examples taken from the social and political life of the present time; it is left to the student to find, if he will, whether those theories are equally applicable to the past history of the nations in question.

Professor de Madariaga has a keen appreciation of the English genius for organization and co-operation; he also gives vivid studies of individual action, thought and feeling in the typical Englishman. The most interesting part of his discussion, in regard to Spaniards, is perhaps in the description of the intuitive faculty which is characteristic of Spanish thought, as a method of approach to truth. "The moment in which our being touches this vital certitude is intuition." It would be interesting to develop this theory in a study of the Spanish mystics, following a suggestion by the author that there is in the Spaniard "a tendency to consider everything *sub specie æternitatis*."

The Frenchman is found to excel in a faculty for analysis and definition, in a grasp of abstract reasoning, in an admirable gift of continuity or *esprit de suite*. Yet in his admiration for French intellectual excellence it is possible that the author overlooks other important characteristics of the French versatile genius. In his concluding chapter he points out that these three nations have made America, since they are the "three points of Europe through which the European spirit, like an electric fluid, flows towards the West." He recognizes the great value there is in the differences of national character, which in its admirable variety is "one of the manifestations of the wealth of Creation".

Students of Theosophy will find much that is interesting in this book, as a help towards understanding national and political tendencies at the present time. The author's method also affords hints of practical and lasting value in the attainment of self-knowledge, whether applied to individuals or to groups.

S. C.

Undertones of War, by Edmund Blunden; Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1929; price $3.50.

It is unusual to speak of a book on the War as "beautiful", but that is the opinion of many reviewers in regard to this one, and it would, indeed, be difficult to read it and remain unresponsive to its magic. Mr. Blunden is well known as a poet, and he sees war through the eyes of a poet. That means that he sees many things to which others are blind. The book is reminiscent; it is more a narrative of impressions than of hard, military facts, for though the facts are there in abundance, it is the impressions which we note and remember. The author was little more than a boy when, in the spring of 1916, he went to France; and while his dislike of war was wholehearted, it was never morbid, and he found consolations in unlooked-for ways; in "the blue and lulling mist of evening" seen from some reserve trench; in a flaming sunset across miles of war-scarred land; in the unexpected meeting with a kindred spirit in some rat-infested dugout; in the homely kindness of some rough, elderly soldier. One thing which this book does to perfection is to show the inequalities of War-time experience—a thing which many people appear to have forgotten. The War was not all daring and adventure; it was also grim endurance under gloomier conditions than most men have ever had to face; it was also lit, here and there, by moments of pure, æsthetic delight (to those who had the eyes to see), and this, perhaps, in the very thick of carnage. No one can appreciate what the War was who does not recognize the sharp contrasts which it offered, and which,

perhaps, as much as anything else, taught many a man to look beyond the fleeting to the eternal. There is a delightful passage (the book is full of them) which releases us suddenly, as Mr. Blunden was himself released for a few brief hours, from the festering horrors of the trenches, where "bones pierced through their shallow burial, and skulls appeared like mushrooms"; where the severely wounded fell, "spouting blood at twenty places", and "a sixteen-year-old boy lay moaning and sobbing." It is the shortest of respites, back of the line, but it is summer time, and the yellowhammers and wagtails are abroad. In a "leafy corner" Mr. Blunden has a chance meeting with two other young officers, until then unknown to him: "There was poetry about these two, nor was I afraid to speak of poetry to them, and so long as the War allowed a country rectory quietude and lawny coolness three kilometres from the line, and summer had even greater liberty than usual to multiply his convolvulus, his linnets and butterflies, while life was nevertheless threatened continually with the last sharp turnings into the unknown, an inestimable sweetness of feeling beyond Corot or Marvell made itself felt through all routine and enforcement; an unexampled simplicity of desire awoke in the imagination and rejoiced like Ariel in a cowslip bell." Almost immediately after, he returns once more to the sights and sounds which he loathes—but he has had his moment.

Mr. Blunden's description of some of the simple, big-hearted men in the ranks, is another peculiar charm of this peculiarly delightful book,—the picture of Corporal Worley, for instance, drawn in a few rapid strokes. Taking his "meditative way" along a trench, Mr. Blunden passes Corporal Worley who respectfully offers him cocoa which he was just bringing to a boil "over some shreds of sandbag and tallow candle"; but two rifle grenades suddenly burst close by, interrupting further proceedings. "Worley's courtesy and warm feeling went on, undiverted as though a butterfly or two had settled on a flower. A kinder heart there never was; a gentler spirit never. With his blue eyes a little doubtfully fixed on me, his red cheeks a little redder than usual, he would speak in terms of regret for what he thought his roughness, saying dolefully that he had been in the butchering trade all his time. He was for ever comforting those youngsters who were so numerous among us; even as the shrapnel burst over the firebay he would be saying without altered tone, 'Don't fret, lay still,' and such things." How many Corporal Worleys we have all known and loved!

There are few books on the War which will do for us what this book does, for as, reluctantly, we close it, we find that it has left us, too, in reminiscent mood; that by some mysterious contagion, our own far memories have become more precious to us; and that we have come to view them with new eyes.

T. D.

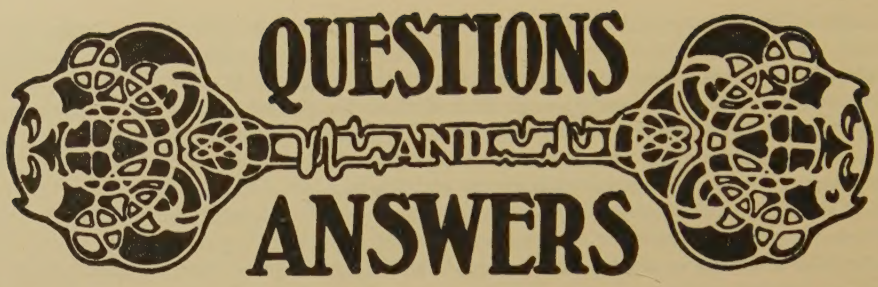
The Anti-Vivisection and Humanitarian Review, London; price sixpence.

Vivisection is one of man's worst crimes against himself and against God. The claim is made by its practitioners that it leads to knowledge which prolongs, or may prolong, the life of man's physical body. This claim is disputed by many competent medical authorities; but if it could be thoroughly substantiated; if, as a result of Vivisection, the length of man's life on earth could be doubled and quadrupled, the crime would remain as great, and nothing but evil could come of it. Every student of Theosophy regards it with loathing and horror.

We are thankful to those who are working to bring this evil to the attention and understanding of well-meaning people, whose fault is that they do not think, and who are as completely subordinate to-day to the priests of scientific orthodoxy, as their progenitors were to the priests of some orthodox religion. Superstition changes its form, but, like other semi-human characteristics, will endure until the far-off consummation when the race becomes human.

Thankful as we are to those who, on this subject, are so much more enlightened than most of their contemporaries, we regret that the Anti-Vivisection movement appears to be controlled and conducted chiefly by women. We regret it for two reasons: first, because women who are active propagandists, seem inclined to use the loud and vulgar methods of the "militant" suffragette; second, because the work should be done by men, and it is a disgrace to men that it is not.

E. T. H.



QUESTION NO. 341.—*Referring to a statement in* Fragments, *Vol. I, page 49, how can the line be drawn between physical and psychic emotions? Physical pain, which at once suggests itself as perhaps the most physical of them all, is largely affected by the accompanying psychic state; and even the finer psychic emotions are often accompanied by marked physical changes—so the distinction is difficult to make, but once properly made, might be a valuable step toward controlling emotion.*

ANSWER.—The easiest way to discover the distinction is to isolate some of our emotions and to try to identify them as psychic or physical. For example, one recognizes without difficulty that a business worry is not the same thing as a toothache. It is true that any prolonged worry may induce dyspepsia, and that the dyspepsia, in turn, may intensify the worry. Nevertheless the cause and the effect may, for practical purposes, be conceived as distinct. The passage from *Fragments* gives a sign whereby the psychic may be recognized: "*All excitement* is psychic." Whenever the mind is perturbed, there is a psychic emotion. We know that it is possible to remain relatively unperturbed, although our bodies may be troubled by unpleasant sensations. In the same way we can and must be unaffected by the psychic waves which beat against our minds. V.

ANSWER.—Somehow I feel that the main purpose of that Fragment would be frustrated by too much interest in drawing distinctions between physical emotions and psychic emotions. Our attention is called to the fact that there is such a distinction. We ought to recognize the fact as such and pass on to the place of stillness where the Fragment is trying to lead us. If for no other reason, that spot where we are told to "stand *still*, not passive or inactive but unswayed", is, in the real world, a whole plane above the highest psychic manifestation, and is the only spot from which anything emotional can be seen in true perspective, the only spot from which true comparisons can be made.

Perhaps one of the reasons for calling our attention to a difference between physical emotions and psychic emotions was to aid us in detaching ourselves more completely from both of them. No one would find fault with a young and inexperienced jelly-fish if he made the mistake of identifying himself with the feeling of satisfaction which came after he had wrapped himself around his dinner. It would be a crime punishable with death if a bee in the hive did not instantly respond when the danger signal rang in the swarm consciousness of which he was a part. But man is supposed to be developing true self-consciousness, and the Fragment is telling us that we must find the place of stillness, and there do our simple tasks,—positive, recollected, unswayed by the whirlwinds of the psychic world, unsmeared by the emotions of the physical world, and not ensnared by that psychic instrument which we call the mind.
K. D. P.

ANSWER.—Many people realize the necessity of mastering their physical emotions, but make no effort to control the psychic. The point in the passage under discussion is that it is necessary to control both. It is, therefore, not essential to distinguish between them since both must be dominated, but, as suggested, it may be helpful in overcoming them. Perhaps we might say that physical emotion is based on the body, on physical fact, and much of psychic

emotion is based on an unreal image of that body in the psychic world, our picture of ourselves in our own eyes or in the eyes of others. Vanity, ambition, envy, jealousy, hurt feelings, etc. are all due to our worship of that creature of our imagination which, in itself, has no existence. Physical and psychic states react on one another, and this increases the difficulty of distinguishing between them. Their great power over us is due to our identifying ourselves with them, instead of seeing them for what they are, the activities, not of ourselves, but of our bodies and our personalities. J. F. B. M.

QUESTION No. 342.—*In the Constitution of The Theosophical Society it is stated that a declaration of sympathy with the first object of the Society—namely, "To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without Distinction of Race, Creed, Sex, Caste, or Colour"—is the only essential condition of membership. May a member then ignore the other two objects of the Society? Can one, for example, remain a member in good standing, while blind to the good in Buddhism or even perhaps in Christianity in some or all of its phases, which may be faiths held by some fellow members in the Society?*

ANSWER.—How *can* we ignore the other two objects of the Society, and yet know anything about true Brotherhood? How can we understand another person, in any real sense, unless we understand something of his attitude of mind and heart, something of what he really thinks and believes and hopes for, in his real self, and of how and why he so feels and believes? How can we grow in insight and helpfulness unless we increase our own vision and understanding, reinforcing our own religious belief, whatever it may be, through the wider outlook and the greater tolerance that come from contact with other religions and philosophies?

Technically, it might be possible to ignore the other two objects of the Society; practically it would not be possible,—for unless we gain understanding of the subsidiary objects, the ideal of Brotherhood in its truer sense would soon mean less and less to us, our interest in the Society would wane, and we should not want to continue our membership. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Can one admire the grandeur of one mountain peak and miss the beauty of another? Can one love the rose and be callous to the violet? Can one be alive to the song of the thrush and deaf to that of the lark? The first point is not whether one *may* ignore the two subsidiary objects of The Theosophical Society, but whether one in sympathy with the primary object *would find it possible* to ignore the other two. That is a question for the individual and not for the Society which, as such, has no dogmas, nor does its Constitution impose beliefs. However, it would seem that a declaration of sympathy with the first object of the Society would presuppose sympathy with the subsidiary objects which, among other things, recommend "the study of ancient and modern religions", and emphasize the importance of such study as a means of expanding the individual's knowledge of fundamental truths and universal principles, which in turn will lead to a deeper understanding of the primary object, with which sympathy has already been expressed. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—A member of the T. S. may believe anything he chooses, or believe nothing; but, in addition to subscribing to the principal aim and object of the Society, there is one other important obligation resting upon all members, namely: "To accord to the opinions of others the same tolerance that he would wish for his own." If this condition were fully met, it is hardly conceivable that any member would be "unable to see the good in Buddhism", etc. Even a limited amount of sympathy with, and understanding of, the first object—the formation of the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood—should enable him to see at least some good in other religions or sects than his own. Theosophy teaches that in order really to understand one's own religion, one must have some knowledge of at least one other religion. No member is under any obligation to accept this teaching, but he would be very unwise not to investigate it and determine its truth for himself. M.

ANSWER.—Article V of the Constitution deals with "Membership", and is brief enough to be quoted in full: "1. Any person declaring his sympathy with the First Object of the Society may be admitted to membership as provided by the By-Laws. 2. Every member has the

right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, and to declare such belief or disbelief without affecting his standing as a member of the Society, each being required to show that tolerance of the opinions of others which he expects for his own." Take as an analogy the requirements for naturalization as a citizen,—the foreigner who complies with them is made a citizen. That is the first step, and he may stay right there, secure in his citizenship unless convicted of some serious breach of the country's laws. To become a *useful* citizen requires further steps, makes more demands upon his intelligence, practical idealism and loyalty. Probably most of us would admit, regretfully, that we came into the T. S. fettered by all sorts of mistaken beliefs, bristling with prejudices and short-sighted misconceptions, but responding to the demand of our own souls. Unless we are content to stop just inside the gateway of the Society, evidently there is much reconstruction to be attempted within our own natures, unfitted as they are to become channels for the influx of Divine Wisdom. Those blind spots and those hard spots must, in time, be dissipated under the combined action of right will and right aspiration,—and by the same process the querent might confidently hope to gain the ability to see, with reverent gratitude, somewhat of the "good" in the religion taught by Buddha, or by Christ, or by any of the other great religious teachers. A. B.

NOTICES

In pursuance of the feeling unanimously expressed by the delegates of The Theosophical Society at the last annual Convention in regard to the Allied Debts, and in accordance with By-Laws 5 and 35 of the Society, the Executive Committee has ruled that:

(a) until further notice, members of the Society in Europe shall not be required to pay any dues to The Theosophical Society (this, of course, does not refer to local Branch dues);

(b) such members shall receive the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and shall exercise all their privileges as formerly;

(c) in lieu of dues, members of the Society in Europe are requested to send their contributions to the support of the Allied wounded, or of the Allied widows and orphans.

August 24th, 1929.

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society will be held throughout the winter and spring at 64 Washington Mews (between Washington Square and East 8th Street), on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at half past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Branch members will receive a printed announcement, giving the dates. The same announcement will also be mailed to non-members who send their names to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York. Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York, and visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.